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January 23, 1957

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MAR 2 1959

PERIODICAL
READING ROOM

Special:

**A Complete
Guide For
Songwriters**



*Julie
London*

"See the notes possible in various positions on the Olds Tenor Trombone with F attachment



the most versatile trombone"

... says Eddie Bert
famous Recording Artist and Teacher

Notice the tremendous scope possible in trombone technique through the use of the F attachment. Use it for lead, bass trombone, small group work or anything else you want. Maybe that's why more and more trombone players are turning to Olds. Whether you're a professional or a professional-to-be, you'll find you get much, much more out of the Olds tenor trombone with F attachment!

I use it exclusively! ... Eddie Bert



OLDS

F. E. Olds & Son, Fullerton, California

Brass and Woodwind Instruments

about Eddie:

Trombone, quintet and brass teacher to professionals. A popular recording artist with Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnet, Les Elgart, Red Norvo and other big names you know. Also has six albums of his own. His recording with the Metronome All-Star Winners will be released this year.

Mail Entire

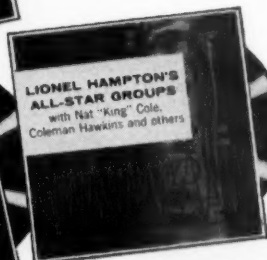
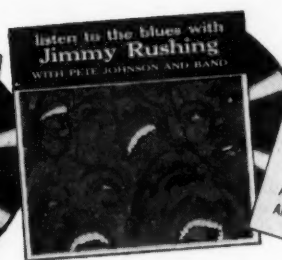
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January



Now choose your favorite music
from these new hi-fi JAZZ albums

Any Three

12 INCH LONG-PLAY ALBUMS

for only \$2.98

When you join the Jazztone Society and agree to accept as few as 3 records during the next year

Now YOU CAN take your pick of the most exciting music of our times... almost for pennies. Simply choose YOUR THREE FAVORITES now from the ten new 12" long-play Jazz albums shown above. All three are yours to keep for only \$2.98!

Think of it: not just one record, but three complete 12" long playing high-fidelity albums, containing a total of up to 36 immortal jazz classics. Usual retail value: \$11.94.

Here's your chance to discover the wonderful impact of jazz... to feel all the pleasure and excitement of America's major contribution to the world of music.

All the Jazz Styles and All the Big Names

From the melancholy Blues of the cotton fields and the crowded cities... from early Dixieland to the driving Chicago beat... From the polished rhythms of Swing to the "cool" tones of Modern—the whole wonderful world of Jazz can now be yours to enjoy. Here are the inspired, personal interpretations of the great Jazz immortals—Sidney Bechet, Jelly Roll Morton, Benny Goodman, Gerry Mulligan, Charlie Parker and many more—all vibrantly alive on these superb, Jazztone Society recordings.

Build a Great Jazz Collection at Huge Cash Savings

When you take advantage of this introductory bargain offer, you also obtain a valuable Trial Membership in the Jazztone Society. This gives you the right to audition—in your own home—any or all of the Society's future album selections. Each will be described to you in advance. Then you decide whether or not you would like to receive it, for Free Trial.

You may keep as few as three selections during the year—and you pay only the Member's price of \$2.98 (plus small shipping charge) per long-playing album. This is a saving of more than 35% off the usual retail cost for similar recordings! (You may resign at any time after buying three monthly selections.)

But the fabulous membership bonus offer of THREE albums for only \$2.98 (plus shipping) may soon be withdrawn. Choose them now and mail entire coupon... without money—to the Jazztone Society, Dept. 3009, 71 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Mail Entire Coupon Without Money to: THE JAZZTONE SOCIETY, Dept. 3009, 71 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N.Y.

Send me the THREE Jazz Albums I have checked at the right, and reserve a Trial Membership for me in the Jazztone Society. If I decide to keep them, I'll pay you only \$2.98 (plus shipping) for ALL THREE. I will also receive advance descriptions of the Society's future monthly selections. I may audition as many as I like for 5 days, and I may decline any in advance by returning the printed form, always provided. For those I keep I will be billed only the member's low price of \$2.98 (plus shipping) per 12" long-play disc—saving more than 35% off the usual retail cost!

I need buy no more than three future monthly selections or alternates during the first 12 months of membership—and I may resign from the Society at any time after buying 3 monthly selections.

Check the Three Records You Want Below

COOL JAZZ

☐ The Saxes of Stan Getz and Charlie Parker. Light, bright and airy jazz sounds, with both heart and brain appeal, blown by two leaders of the modern school—with Miles Davis and other modernists.

DIXIELAND

☐ Jimmy McPartland's Chicago Rompers and Paul Barbarin's New Orleans Stompers. Two great bands beat out their own rip-roaring, rocking versions of such Dixieland classics as Tiger Rag and When the Saints, etc.

SWING

☐ The Jo Jones Special. The brilliant drumming idol supported by some Basie alumni, swings his sticks and brushes through bright, new versions of Embraceable You, Shoe Shine Boy and more.

MODERN JAZZ

☐ A West Coast Jazz Anthology. The scintillating, yet subdued sounds of the wondrous new brand of jazz that has made stars of innovators Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, Chico Hamilton and Bud Shank.

BIG BAND SWING

☐ The Great Swing Bands. Powerhouse, pulsating performances by the top big bands; original performances by Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie, Artie Shaw and others in bright, new-fidelity recordings.

BLUES

☐ Listen to the Blues with Jimmy Rushing. The pungent voice of the world's greatest blues shouter in emotion-packed versions of Every Day, Evenin' and Rock and Roll and others. With famed boogie-woogie pianist Pete Johnson.

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☐ The Songs of Rodgers and Hart with Lee Wiley and Friends. Some of the greatest show tunes, including My Funny Valentine, Glad to Be Unhappy, sung by the sultry-voiced idol Lee Wiley, Teddy King, Jackie and Roy, and Ruby Braff join in.

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STARS OF JAZZ

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Due Bill . . .

Zurich, Switzerland

To the Editor:

In the name of all the admirers Bill Harris has in our country and especially in Zurich, I'm asking this question. As a steady reader of your *Down Beat* I was often wondering why Bill Harris disappeared completely from the jazz scene. Doesn't anyone give him a chance to record an album of his own? Or has he lost his interests in jazz?

I had the pleasure to meet Bill Harris in person and talk to him after a JATP concert two years ago. I was very impressed by his distinguished looking and talking. He told us then that he wouldn't record anything under his own name until he has found something conceptionally new and fresh. Since then we haven't heard of him playing except on older recordings.

We all think that he doesn't need to look for a new sound or anything. We all like him the way he plays on ballads and on up-tempo numbers. He sure

is able to produce at least one "five star" LP.

Please, Mr. Harris, we beg you to pick out a swinging rhythm section and give us a proof that you are still one of the few top trombonists.

Conrad Kunzle

Why? . . .

Sudbury, Ont.

To the Editor:

Must you print letters born in ignorance month after month . . . epistles that compare "tenor man" Charlie Parker with Dave Pell, insist that rock and roll is a contemporary music form, and scream bloody murder because Joe Schlock and Izzie Slopotski were omitted from the polls? Your comments on these masterpieces are clever, indeed, but the space involved hardly warrants their inclusion.

There must be some earthly use for such works . . . perhaps they could be neatly bundled, tied with "daddy-o" guitar strings, and sold en masse to Count Basie, for using to start his bus on cold winter mornings . . . if they'd burn.

Maybe a "beef" column is the only answer . . . I don't know . . . but I do get annoyed at being exposed to self made musical experts, whose every line

belies their complete lack of knowledge, repetitious gripes, and worst of all, bad grammar.

Down Beat remains the only magazine of its kind that lets fans like myself, away from the beaten track of jazz keep abreast of what's happening where, with whom, and why. Don't lower your standards by consistently printing material from readers that would have no place in the *Crew-Cuts* fan magazine.

James Kidd

First One . . .

Camp Borden, Ont.

To the Editor:

I have never written a "fan letter" in my life before now, and I am reluctant to write this one. However, for Mr. Hentoff's article in the Nov. 23 issue wherein he wrote so thoroughly and comprehensively about Sonny Rollins, I feel compelled to try to express my thanks.

Nat expressed my feelings about this man and his music and did it so much better than I could, that I can not hope to enlarge upon the subject. Let it suffice that I am an ardent Rollins fan who has long been awaiting just such an effort and who, upon its publication can only say again, "Thank Heavens for *Down Beat*!"

There is only one point of difference I'd like to raise, and that is on the subject of Sonny's comparison to Charlie Parker. I agree, there is a quite a bit of Bird there, but my tin ear detects an awful lot of Sonny Rollins.

So, for your fine job on the soft-spoken, earthy idealist, this pixyish student, this exponent of cool ideas through a hot horn, Nat, I thank you.

Jackie Scott

Appreciation . . .

CLEVELAND, OHIO

ON BEHALF OF ALL THE MEMBERS OF "JAZZ OHIO" I WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS OUR SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR THE WONDERFUL SPREAD YOU'VE GIVEN US IN THE CURRENT ISSUE. ALREADY THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ABOUT IT. IT HAS REALLY HELPED THE CAUSE HERE IN CLEVELAND.

TJM BROWN

More Than a Word . . .

Moberly, Mo.

To the Editor:

Recently a local civic group sponsored a dance and brought a well-known dance band to town. On that particular day I had a record show from 2 to 5:30 p.m. A fellow announcer interviewed the bandleader on tape which was broadcast the following evening.

Mr. Big immediately brought up the fact that during the entire preceding afternoon he had listened to our station and had not heard any of his records played promoting the dance. He continually harped on this point and the interviewing announcer had a rather embarrassing time in attempting to direct the talk to other matters. True, he did not hear any of his records on my show. But neither I nor anyone else at the radio station heard or saw Mr. Orchestra Leader or any of his company.

We are a small station in a small community, but nonetheless large

TOP DRUMMERS are switching to the NEW *Leedy* with the NEW SOUND

ROY HARTE



Roy Harte, president of the Drum City School of Percussion, is presently with the Coast to Coast Tennessee Ernie TV-shows and the Hollywood NBC staff orchestra.

"My new LEEDY drums with the NEW SOUND and STICK SAVER hoops are the greatest!"—Roy Harte.

Send for your Leedy catalogue today!

the new LEEDY
STICK SAVER
triple flanged

counter hoop now supplied
on all professional model
snare drums and tom toms

Leedy DRUM CO. 2249 Wayne Ave. Chicago, Ill.

IN FAMOUS BANDS OF THE LAND



DIZZY GILLESPIE's trumpet section show off their special "up-do" Martin trumpets. Left to right: Joe Gordon, Ermet Perry, Dizzy, Carl Warwick and Quincy Jones. The "up-do" is Dizzy's own idea.

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professionals
play

MARTIN



the
extra
range
trumpet

No trumpet could be so popular as the Martin *Committee Model* Trumpet... without just cause. Professionals and students both find it the *extra range* trumpet that sets no limits to their development. Its MicroMagic valves, nine times smoother. Its quick, easy response even in the high registers. Its beautiful appearance. All combine to make it the trumpet you, too, should play. Try one at your nearest Martin dealer's... or write for full particulars.



WOODY HERMAN's trumpet section plays the "Blue Flame" theme on regular style Martin *Committee* models. Flanking Woody from left to right: Burt Collins, John Cappola and Dudley Harvey.



THE MARTIN BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Elkhart, Indiana

enough to bring in a name band and make it pay for all concerned.

My gripe is this; why can't an artist, when making an appearance outside of a major city, promote a little good will, too? Of course, many of them do. Many others don't bother with the small station. I think Mr. Big would have found that just a word from him would have been enough to get more than ample promotion and publicity from us.

Reciprocity, Mr. Big, is more than a fancy word.

Fran Mooney, KNCM

Discrimination? . . .

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

A vicious form of discrimination prevails among those who hire singers, and I sincerely hope your magazine will take steps to expose and destroy it. The printing of this letter would be a start.

I refer to the ridiculous prejudice against male singers. The few situations that permit good singing (intimate lounges, jazz rooms, and dance bands) are open only to girls. With some dance bands they don't even have to be talented, or even pretty, if certain proportions are conspicuous.

The male singer has few opportunities if he plays no instrument. He must be a belter, and/or double as a dirty joke-teller. Even many name bands "can't afford" to hire a male singer unless he "doubles." No wonder girls dominate the recording scene in the intimate and jazz fields; male singers have no chance to develop.

To further refute the logic behind this policy, the few places which hire men rely on largely stag audiences, whereas women are hired to sing to well-mixed audiences.

To compound my frustration, a trip through Italy revealed that the situation there is emphatically converse. I don't advocate this situation, but can't we hit a happy medium?

(Name withheld by request)

One of Six . . .

Holland Patent, N. Y.

To the Editor:

As a devotee of hot piano for 15 years or more, I wish to express my happiness over the recognition now being accorded Bob Henderson, one of the six most magnificent pianists I have ever listened to.

I first heard Bob in 1943, in Utica, and at once realized I listened to one of the most phenomenal and thrilling performers anyone has heard or would hear. Since that night (one of the big highlights of my life), I caught Bob many times, in a number of places, as I always made a beeline for the place as soon as I got the address.

Repeatedly, I found myself enraptured and awed by this superb artist's brilliance, the sheer excitement generated, the flawless accord between man and piano, the overflowing emotion that flares into the emotion of the listener, and fantastic conceptions I sincerely believe unparalleled.

Two other mighty keyboard men are denizens of the Utica area: Bub Cook-

ley, once with Pete Brown (who lauds Bub's ability in glowing terms) and one of the greatest on the spinning globe, and Bink Blair, whose boogie shakes the room with a potency few can muster and whose blues playing has rarely been equaled.

Peter Radley

An Appeal . . .

To the Editor:

Let me congratulate Jack Mabley on his excellent article in *Down Beat* (Nov. 18) with regard to the standard of music we now hear on radio and TV. I feel sure that he has hit the nail squarely on the head when he blames the lack of good music (be it traditional, modern, or swing) for the lack of taste in the vast majority of the public.

I only arrived in the States a few months ago and expected a feast of jazz on the radio compared with the meager portion we were allotted in Britain, but now I am convinced we got as much, if not more jazz air time in Britain as here. At least we more or less got it when we could hear it, viz. 11 p.m. to midnight. I will conclude by appealing to the readers of *Down Beat* to rally round and let the kids of today hear MUSIC instead of this slushy called rock 'n' roll and listen to the Duke or Mulligan in preference to the Pelvis.

Pvt. E-1 Robert Thompson

86 Main St.
Hamburg, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I am a subscriber to your magazine and a collector of jazz records. Recently I decided I would like to correspond with a British jazz fan and wrote a letter to *Melody Maker* asking them to put me in touch with someone. They printed the letter in their magazine and so far I have received 36 replies, all of them from people eager to write to an American jazz fan.

I don't want to let all these people down, and I can't correspond with all of them, so I would like to put them in touch with other American jazz fans who would like to correspond with one of their British counterparts.

Would it be possible for you to print part of this letter in *Down Beat*, giving my name and address, stating that I will attempt to match up all letters that I receive with a letter from an English fan?

R. G. Piggott

A Brief History

New York—Jim Ferguson, Bill Haley's manager, sends out a newsletter from time to time. The following revelation appears in his most recent dispatch:

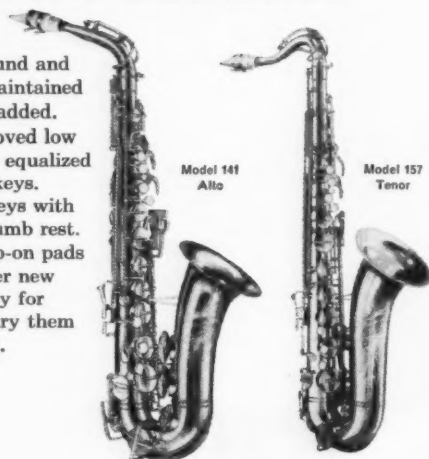
"Songwriters and poets claim that in the past 200 years only three major styles of music have been developed—Strauss' Waltz, Hamby's Blues, and Haley's Rock and Roll."

You mean W. C. Strauss?

Each Buescher saxophone has built into it many exclusive and secret refinements known only to our expert craftsmen. Often copied, Buescher saxophones have never quite been equaled. No wonder they are the recognized standard of quality among fine musicians.

New Buescher "ARISTOCRATS"

Buescher's traditional sound and flawless intonation are maintained with many new features added. New wide bow and improved low tones. Lighter, smoother, equalized action on low B and B \flat keys. New spatulated octave keys with wide and comfortable thumb rest. Buescher's exclusive Snap-on pads and Norton springs. Other new features you'll want to try for yourself . . . see them . . . try them . . . at your dealer's today.



BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

Elkhart, Indiana

the first chorus

By Jack Tracy

THE YEAR 1957 will go down as a most satisfactory one as far as this department is concerned if only a couple of the following objectives can be achieved.

● The abolishment of the 20 percent cabaret tax in night clubs. As far as we are concerned, it is an unjust tax. Instituted during the war to gain revenue, it seemed to be a necessary move. But to continue to charge persons an additional one-fifth of their bill because they want to hear live music seems discriminatory.

● The establishment by the American Federation of Musicians of equitable working conditions throughout the major locals. Just as members of the Federation are being hurt by the cabaret tax, so are they harming their employers by permitting various work laws to exist. For example, in Chicago, musicians may work no more than five days a week. Other cities have six- and seven-day weeks.

Thus some employers must pay the same amount of money to a band for five days as others do for six or seven. It is obvious they have a more difficult time getting back their investment.

Uniformity is needed.

● An intense effort by the Dance Orchestra Leaders of America to make a going concern of their organization. So far it has consisted chiefly of brave words and no action. Unless the officers and members begin to come up with deeds, there will be nothing left but a corpse by the time of their next scheduled annual convention.

● A concentration on quality rather than quantity by the many jazz festivals now in operation. It is our contention that people will turn up to hear three or four top-drawer groups as readily as they will for six or eight, none of which therefore gets a chance to be heard in its proper light.

● The support of all of us for radio and TV shows which make honest and valuable attempts to utilize jazz and jazz musicians. You would be surprised at the effect a dozen laudatory letters can have on program managers at a local level. And also on the disc jockey or performer, who could probably wind up a lot farther ahead if he'd chuck it all and play the top 10.

● Continued interest by the state department in utilizing jazz groups as good-will emissaries. The appearances abroad of Dizzy Gillespie, Louis Armstrong, and Benny Goodman under state department sponsorship have done us incalculable good.

● Your welcome interest in *Down Beat*. Our circulation has increased some 20 percent since last May, thanks to you.

Have a happy new year.



down beat.

Volume 24, No. 2

January 23, 1957

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news and features

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special feature

A block of five articles especially designed to give aid and information to the amateur songwriter starts on page 15. It includes sections devoted to:

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ON THE COVER

Cover this issue is finely filled by Julie London, who has not allowed her ample charms to get in the way of her singing. Read about Miss London's life and times in Jack Tynan's page 12 story.

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NEW YORK

JAZZ: Fred Ramsey's documentary film on the roots of jazz in Louisiana and Alabama will be shown Sunday, Jan. 13, 4 to 5 p.m., EST, as part of CBS-TV's *Odyssey* series . . . **Big Bill Broonzy** due in town in early February on his way to England . . . **Willie (The Lion) Smith** is tape-recording his autobiography . . . **Billie Holiday's** onetime manager, **John Levy**, is dead at 53 of a cerebral hemorrhage . . . The other **John Levy**, once a leading bassist and now manager of **George Shearing**, **Cannonball**, **Dorothy Ashby**, etc., has also taken on **Billy Taylor** . . . **Bob Scooby** cut three LPs for **Norman Granz**, and owes him two more . . . Both **Look** and **McCall's** are interested in serialization rights to the **George Shearing** autobiography, which is now half-finished. Shearing was to cut three LPs for Capitol on the coast, among them an Afro-Cuban set and another with strings. He's also thinking of doing one with brass choir . . . **Phil Woods** and **Chan Parker** will be married April 2 . . . **Norman Granz** and **Columbia** are hasseling because the **Ellington-Newport** LP on **Columbia** used **Johnny Hodges** without **Granz'** permission . . . **Squire Gersh** on bass with **Louis Armstrong** . . . **Lawrence Brown** on **CBS** staff . . . **Rex Stewart** has left his upstate radio job and has settled in town . . . **Bill Harris** will be back on the reorganized **Woody Herman** band.

Birdland bills: 1/24 to 2/6—**Al Hibbler**, **Bud Powell**, and **Johnny Smith**; 2/7-2/13—**Count Basie** and **Johnny Smith**; 2/14-2/27—**Carmen McRae**, **Art Blakey**, and **Charlie Ventura**; 3/21-4/3—**Oscar Pettiford's** 13-piece band and **Pat Moran** quartet . . . **Al Lucas** and **Bobby Donaldson** are with **Teddy Wilson** . . . **Marty Paich** completed a new **Mel Torme** LP, **Torme Sings Fred Astaire** with the **Dek-Tette**. He also did a **Ray Brown** album with four brass, four reeds, and four rhythm . . . The **Cafe Bohemia**, closed Jan. 7 for extensive remodeling, reopens Jan. 18. The p.a. system has already been mercifully removed . . . **Ruby Braff** rehearsing a band. **Willard Alexander** will book . . . Reports of **Gene Ammons'** death in British and French papers are not true.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: **Louis Armstrong** is at the **Fontainebleau** hotel in Miami, the first name combo to play there . . . **Lawrence Welk** will headline the President's Inaugural ball Jan. 21 . . . **Pearl Bailey** plays her first **Copa** date Jan. 24, following the two-week stay of **Frank Sinatra** and one by **Billy Eckstine** . . . **Frankie Laine** does two weeks at **London Palladium** May 13 . . . **Mel Torme** to return to Britain for a summer tour . . . **Kaye Ballard** back at the **Bon Soir** . . . **Hal Schaefer** was accompanist for **Vic Damone** during the latter's engagement at the **Empire** room of the **Waldorf** . . . **Claude Thornhill** toured American bases in Germany, France, and England in December . . . New **ASCAP** members include **Barbara Carroll**, **Roger Williams**, and **Earl Wild** . . . **Pearl Bailey** opens at the **London Café de Paris** March 4 . . . **Morris Levy** is promoting the **Ted Heath** **Carnegie Hall** concert Feb. 9.

ON STAGE: **Ethel Merman** and her new smash, **Happy Hunting**, broke all records at the **Majestic** here with a take of \$70,322 for a mid-December week . . . **Jerry Lewis** will follow **Judy Garland** into the **Palace** for four weeks starting Feb. 7. **Judy** was cut to three shows a day because of persistent laryngitis . . . The British import revue, **Cranks**, laid it on the line to theatergoers. After an ad stating that the show would fold unless the boxoffice draw picked up, patronage increased and the show's run was extended to Jan. 12 . . . **Mr. Wonderful** will fold when **Sammy Davis Jr.** leaves in February. His contract expires then, and he already has commitments for dates later in the spring. Producers **Carmen Capalbo** and **Stanley Chase** are preparing the **Kurt Weill-Bert Brecht** musical, **The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahogany**. The young producers who scored with the **Weill-Brecht** **Threepenny Opera**, have the work in the adaptation stage. The musical deals with a city in America where the only sin is not having money . . . **Lisa Kirk** sought for the lead in **O, Happy Me**, the new musical by **Arnold Horwitt** and **Al Hague**.

RECORDS: **Dot** and **Mercury Records** are hasseling over **Jim Lowe's** new LPs. **Lowe** recorded for **Mercury** before he went with **Dot**, and **Mercury** is bringing out an album of old **Lowe** sides called **Jim Lowe Sings Behind the Green**

(Turn to Page 36)

Dorsey Band Alters Title, Rolls Along

New York—The new billing for the Dorsey orchestra is Jimmy Dorsey and the Fabulous Dorsey Orchestra. Jimmy has signed a five-year booking contract with MCA, marking a departure from the policy followed in recent years by the late Tommy Dorsey of largely supervising the band's bookings himself. Vince Carbone and Tino Barzic continue to head up the managerial end of the band.

The band went on vacation Jan. 3 and will re-form Jan. 21. A new contract is being worked out with the Hotel Statler, but it is expected that the band will continue to play a minimum of seven months a year at the hotel. The five-year Statler contract under which the band is now operating has three more years to go. The band is due back in April, will continue through June and probably part of July.

The Dorsey operation will become considerably more condensed. Brazie explained, "Tommy needed his own office because he was interested in several enterprises. But Jimmy, who will concentrate on the band, won't need that big an overhead."

The Dorsey publishing companies are up for sale.

Much of the Dorsey book will be rearranged, for the few trombonists who might have been able to play Tommy's parts will not travel. Accordingly, the Jimmy Dorsey style will be accented. One source said the new theme song will be *Contrasts*.

According to the New York *Journal American*, "Under its new set-up, the band will discontinue sharing a portion of its earnings with Dorsey's estate."

Woody Re-Forms Band; Dates Planned

New York—Woody Herman will reform his big band here late this month. The opening date, as of presstime, will be in South River, N. J., on Jan. 27. Other bookings include Red Hill Inn, Camden, N. J. (Jan. 29-Feb. 3); Ridgewood, N. J. (4); Winston-Salem, N. C. (8 and 9); Atlanta (13); Davidson, N. C. (15); Atlanta (17); Sumter, S. C. (20); Columbia, S. C. (23); Ball and Chain, Miami (March 1 to 10); Bloomington, Ind. (March 29), and Scioola, Philadelphia (April 8-14).

According to Woody's manager, Abe Turchen, the band may play NBC *Bandstand* the last two weeks of March, and also probably will make its Birdland debut in June.

Lawrence Music Director

New York — Elliot Lawrence was named music director of *Air Time '57*, the ABC-TV network's new Thursday night variety show starring Vaughn Monroe.



COUNT BASIE looked properly pleased on the CBS-TV *Morning Show* last month when he was presented with his two *Down Beat* Readers Poll plaques for best jazz band and jazz personality of the year. Will Rogers Jr., the show's conductor, is at left, and at right is *Down Beat* associate editor, Nat Hentoff.

Jam Session

Los Angeles—Here's one boy who doesn't blow a horn but still put his foot in it. He's 2-year-old Randy Karol. The foot was his own and the alto sax his father's. Randy became excited while watching television and somehow jammed his foot into the bell of his dad's horn.

Firemen who extricated the youngster reported that he told them he had one big hope for Christmas. He wanted a sax.

Jazztone To Release Pacific Jazz And Vanguard Waxings

New York—Vanguard sessions by a Jo Jones group and Jimmy Rushing and Pacific Jazz sides cut by Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker will be released by the Jazztone label, owned by Crowell-Collier, early in 1957, George T. Simon announced.

Simon, director of the Crowell-Collier mail-order operation, said the Vanguard sides acquired were cut by Jo Jones with a group including Emmett Berry, Benny Green, Nat Pierce, Freddie Green, and Count Basie. The Rushing sides were from his blues recordings made for the label.

From Pacific Jazz, that label's president Dick Bock said the sides made available to Jazztone were cuts no longer available on his label in the general market. The Jazztone coupling will feature one LP side by Gerry Mulligan backed with one by Chet Baker.

Jazztone is readying for early release jazz sides by Lionel Hampton, Benny Goodman, Fats Waller, Artie Shaw, and others, culled from RCA Victor's vaults.

\$750,000 Suit Vote Aftermath

Hollywood—A \$750,000 libel suit was filed against all the newly elected officers of the AFM Local 47 here. These officers are members of the anti-Petrillo faction in the local.

Among charges made in campaign literature in the pre-election battle was one by the anti-Petrillo party to the effect that when Local 47's hospitalization and medical insurance was switched without consulting members from one insurance firm to another, an agent netted a \$100,000 commission fee.

Although no one was specifically accused by name, Fred Libby, manager of the union's health insurance plan, said the charge was made against him and lost no time in filing his suit.

Also named among the defendants in Libby's suit is Cecil F. Read, the trumpet player who led the anti-Petrillo forces until he was suspended from the union for one year.

5-Day Week Reportedly Sought By Local 802

New York—AFM Local 802 here was reported seeking a five-day week for its members in negotiations under way with the Theater-Restaurant Owners of New York.

The present contract expires at the end of the year, and the demand was reported to be among the most important sought by the union. A union spokesman declined to confirm that the five-day week was a major demand but added, "so far, everyone is excited but the negotiators."

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Rolf Kuhn Quartet: Birdland, New York

Rolf Kuhn, 27-year-old German clarinetist, who has been a frequent poll winner at home, is now hopeful of becoming a permanent part of the American jazz scene. Here since May, Kuhn has been advised and encouraged by John Hammond, who helped in the formation of the present quartet and already has recorded it on Vanguard.

The rhythm section is unusually well integrated considering the small time the men have had to work together. (Birdland was the combo's club debut). Drummer Bill Clark, a musician of taste and subtle but strong pulsation, has been largely wasted with the Shearing unit in recent years. He knits the present section together and indicates again, incidentally, how expert a brush artist he is.

Bassist Joe Benjamin, long part of the Sarah Vaughan team, combines admirable time, tone, and musical intelligence. Because he has accompanied a vocalist for so long, Joe has become quite underrated.

Pianist Ronnell Bright, another Hammond protege, is from Chicago. He has studied at Juilliard, DePauw and Roosevelt college. Secure in technique, Bright swings unmistakably, has a good sense of shading, and blends sympathetically with his colleagues. His solo work thus far is more eclectic than personal, being influenced, to some extent, by Oscar Peterson, among others. Bright has a sound ballad potential, although he sometimes is a little watery at slow tempos. On middle and up speeds, he romps with happy conviction.

The leader is the least significant jazzman in the combo. Kuhn is technically facile, improvises with logic, and has an attractive if not distinctive tone. His style is a compound of DeFranco with roots in Goodman. At present, there is little in his playing that is freshly, identifiably Kuhn. He also needs to open himself more emotionally, since he often gives the impression of brushing the surface of what he plays. And he could swing more deeply.

The lean writing is largely by Bright and the leader. The originals are pleasant though not likely to obsess you. Among them are Bright's *Struttin' In*, Kuhn's *Pow* and Ray Crawford's *Jeff*. There are also modern jazz standards like Clifford Brown's *Dahoud* as well as venerables like *Pennies from Heaven* and *Street of Dreams*.

Kuhn clearly has the musical ability to make and sustain an impact here, but he has to discover more of his own clarinet language and depend less on filling in echoes of Buddy. And he has to feel and express more consistently what it means to wail.

—nat

Jimmy Giuffre Three; The Haig, Los Angeles

If Gerry Mulligan's "new sound" of several years ago was the fortuitous spur-of-the-moment consequence of a pianoless gig, the equally unconventional



Jimmy Giuffre

al sounds of the Jimmy Giuffre Three add up to an effect carefully planned, deliberately conceived.

But it is a musically valid, ungimmicked end result—as was Mulligan's—that Giuffre has created with an instrumentation of bass (Ralph Pena), guitar (Jim Hall), and clarinet-tenor-baritone (Giuffre).

All three have ample solo space in this format, but much of the real excitement lies in the group interplay. What Giuffre and colleagues achieve as a unit amounts to the most original jazz sound of the year—on the west coast, at least.

At no time is there a melodic or rhythmic lag between solos, and rarely is a soloist completely alone; there is usually a secondary line being developed by another voice. During a Pena bass break, for example, Giuffre's tenor or Hall's guitar may contribute little spurts of phrases, or riff in unison, so that the total effect is of constant movement.

The Three's repertoire ranges from a quietly lovely *Stella by Starlight* to fast, kicking Parker tunes like *Half Nelson* and *Now's the Time* with baritone the dominant voice. A rubato *Two Kinds of Blues* finds happy and melancholy moods explored with Hall waxing Spanish in his moody solo. Pena's *Quiet Cook* is taken very up, with rapidly swinging bass solo lines chased by a fast passage on clarinet above Hall's comping.

Hall, who has quickly developed into a truly outstanding guitarist, seems to function more freely in this trio than in any other previously heard context. His instrument sounds "liberated" and serves as another horn. Whenever indicated, he is joyously contributing punching chords on funky things like Rollins' *Doozie*. In *Down Home* he riffs Christian-like behind a subdued clarinet in an afterbeat groove drolly in keeping with the tune's title.

A delightful touch is the discerning choice of Jimmy's own *Four Brothers* as the trio's theme. Not only has this anthem become closely identified with the composer-leader, but the arrangement for tenor-guitar-bass is intriguing and attention-getting.

With a first Atlantic album just recorded and an extended road tour in the offing, 1957 bids fair to be the year for Jimmy Giuffre.

—tyman

It Looks That Way

Hollywood—Sidney Skolsky, the Herodotus of Hollywood, quotes a producer as stating unqualifiedly: "Elvis Presley's singing isn't as bad as it sounds."

ABC Waxes Elliott In Chicago Jazz Club

New York—Creed Taylor, jazz a&r head of ABC-Paramount, has recorded the Don Elliott quartet at the Modern Jazz room in Chicago. Elliott plays mostly trumpet on the set, backed by Ernie Furtado, Bob Corwin, and Jimmy Campbell.

Bobby Scott cut an LP of his own compositions with tenor John Murtagh, baritone saxist Marty Flax, Howie Mann, and Whitey Mitchell.

Also due on the ABC-Paramount release schedule is an LP by Vinnie Burke's jazz string quartet, and a date on which Zoot Sims blows alto and tenor. On the latter, there were several multitracks. All the arrangements for Zoot are by George Handy, and the rhythm section includes Knobby Totah, Johnny Williams, and Gus Johnson.

United Artists Picks Up Film Of Armstrong's Life

New York—*The Saga of Satchmo*, a full-length movie of the life of Louis Armstrong filmed by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly, has been acquired by United Artists for general release, it was announced here.

Murrow narrates the film, in which Louis performs 20 numbers. Among them are *Sleepy Time Down South*, *Black and Blue*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Basin Street Blues*, *Mack the Knife*, and *Royal Garden Blues*.

Melle, Guests On Prestige

New York—Gil Melle, composer and baritone saxist, has recorded another album for Prestige, this time with guest horns. On one session, his colleagues were Art Farmer, Julius Watkins, and Hal McKusick. On another, he was joined by Kenny Dorham and tubaist Don Butterfield. Rhythm section for both dates consisted of Ed Thigpen, Vinnie Burke, and guitarist Joe Cinderella. Three Melle originals were cut at each session.

Aladdin Reissues Lester

Hollywood—Aladdin Records has released two 12" LPs of Lester Young sides recorded in 1944-45. Now collectors items, the original recordings were supervised by Norman Granz and include such sidemen as Howard McGhee, Vic Dickenson, Curtis Counce, and Willie Smith. Both albums are titled *Lester Young and His Tenor Sax* (ALP 801-802).

47 Election To 'Rebels'

Hollywood — AFM Local 47's anti-Petrillo ticket, comprising candidates who have supported the Hollywood musicians' revolt against AFM chief James C. Petrillo, won a landslide victory in the local's election Dec. 17.

Eliot Daniel defeated the incumbent president, John te Groen, 3,806-1,817. This general proportion held true down the line, as candidates opposed to Petrillo took every elective office.

Other winners are John Tranchitella, for vice president, over Joe Barros; Max Herman, recording secretary, over long-time incumbent Maury Paul, and Warren Barker, financial secretary, over incumbent Bob Hennon.

Anti-Petrillo candidates elected to the board of directors or as trustees (equivalent to directors) are Vincent DeRosa, Virgil Evans, Chico Guerrero, Herbie Harper, Marl Young, Dale Brown, Lou Buttermann, and Maurice Harris.

Election of Young to the board of directors marks the first time a Negro has been elected to office in Local 47. He defeated Leo McCoy Davis, Negro candidate for the board nominated on the te Groen ticket, by 3,569 to 1,587.

The total vote, more than 5,000, including hundreds of absentee ballots, was the largest in the local's history.

Dot Expands Into Video Films, Hikes Disc Output

Hollywood — Dot Records announced plans to move into television film production, expand its present distribution, and step up its record production.

In announcing the signing of movie stars Charlton Heston and Tab Hunter, Randy Wood, Dot president, also announced the opening soon of the first company-owned branch at New Orleans. Heston will record readings from the Bible for his disc debut, enabling the firm to tie in with the movie *The Ten Commandments*, in which Heston has a leading role. Hunter was set to cut the tune *Young Love* and other pops.

Rugolo Paris Trip Set

New York—Pete Rugolo was scheduled to leave for Paris on Jan. 15 to spend three months cutting records for the French firm Barclay Records. The deal is part of an exchange package with Mercury Records in the country, which will release the Barclay sessions here.

Granz Signs Lee Konitz

Hollywood—Lee Konitz has signed a one-year recording pact with Norman Granz' Clef-Norgran Records. The contract, inked during the altoist's December stint at the Peacock Lane here, calls for a maximum album output of four 12" LPs per year, it was learned, with the hornman drawing a weekly salary against royalties. Exact amount of salary was not revealed.

LPs To Leap

New York—A spot check of the major recording firms disclosed at year's end that LP production would be on the increase in 1957. Several labels plan to attempt to co-operate releases and move away from the present mass-release method. Other firms announced rescheduling of releases to allow for unified exploitation of individual albums.

In the jazz field, Norman Granz' labels—Clef, Norgran, Verve, and Down Home — were expected to match or exceed their 200-package output of 1956. RCA Victor, according to vice president George Marek, will expand production in all fields. Columbia, in addition to other plans, will concentrate on building its original-cast album catalog and its new stars.

College Date Bookings Rise

New York—Major band and combo booking agencies announced an upsurge in college concert and dance dates.

Associated Booking estimated its increase at about 30 per cent. Louis Armstrong was booked for 30 college concerts from the start of the year through March 23. Dave Brubeck had 30 concerts on the books in March alone. Duke Ellington was set for 16 college concerts in the spring. Woody Herman for 12, Richard Maltby for six, and George Shearing for five. Les Brown, Lionel Hampton, and Gerry Mulligan also were booked heavily on the college circuit.

MCA reports increase in similar bookings for Billy Butterfield and Les Elgart, the latter almost solid through May 25. GAC reported the same situation with the Four Freshmen, Billy May, and Buddy Morrow.

The Morrow band is being offered as a dance party package by GAC, with balloons, noisemakers, horns, streamers, hats, crepe paper and records for door prizes included in the engagement fee.

Lewis Discharged From RCA Position

New York—Jack Lewis, RCA Victor's a&r man and more recently assistant to the recording director at the RCA subsidiary label, Vik, was discharged late in December.

W. W. Bullock, chief of the RCA Victor single records department, declared the move "was nothing personal against Jack. We are reorganizing and getting ready for the new year. In our plans for 1957, we had to reduce the number of a&r personnel, and he didn't fit into our plans." Lewis said, "This is a pretty weird Christmas present."

White Local 6 In San Francisco Kills Move To Integrate

San Francisco—AFM Local 6 turned down a proposition Dec. 6 to integrate with colored Local 669 by a vote of 796-554.

The proposition was passed the next week by Local 669 with only 14 dissenting votes. However 6's action killed the proposed merger of the two locals for the moment.

Since 1945, San Francisco has had a white-only local No. 6. Local 669 has Negro, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, and some white members. Local 669 has 350 members, and Local 6 has more than 4,000.

Prior to 1945, Negro musicians were carried in a subsidiary of Local 6. When the AFM abolished the subsidiary locals in 1945, Local 669 was established and since then has operated under the same working conditions, scales, rules and regulations as Local 6.

It is understood that Local 669 will continue to work toward integration.

The proposition for integration, placed on the ballot at the instigation of AFM President James C. Petrillo at the last convention, called for all members of Local 669 to be absorbed into Local 6 and all properties, including a treasury containing approximately \$30,000, to become the property of Local 6.

Jazz: West Begins Big Expansion Plans

Hollywood—A relatively minor west coast label since its formation 1½ years ago, Jazz: West Records has embarked on an expansion program aimed at establishing the company as a major jazz discery. First step in this project is the signing of altoist Art Pepper to an exclusive recording pact calling for a minimum for four 12" LP albums a year with a year's option on his contract. Pepper will also function in an advisory capacity to the firm's artist & repertoire department.

With an initial Pepper album now in release, a second is scheduled for the latter part of next month. In addition, the label will release about the same time two more 12" LP albums comprising original masters by such artists as Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Joe Turner, Howard McGhee, and Illinois Jacquet.

Kershaw Trip Delayed

Francetown, N. H.—The Rev. Alvin L. Kershaw's tour of Africa with Eli's Chosen Six, Yale university traditional jazz group, has been postponed until March, the Rev. Kershaw announced here. The minister, who gained national attention as contestant in the jazz category on the \$64,000 Question, had been scheduled to make the African tour in midwinter under U. S. state department auspices.

Cover Girl

By John Tynan

IN THE FIRST PLACE, this unqualified doll didn't think she could sing. Secondly, the very idea of appearing in public threatened her with psychosomatic lockjaw. Finally, when a booking in a top supper club was arranged for her by Bobby Troup, she resolutely refused to audition and, perhaps unprecedented for an untied singer, was promptly hired without the clubowner having the vaguest idea of what to expect.

Reflecting on her first opening night about 1½ years ago, Julie laughs. "It was all pretty ridiculous, really. There I was on my opening night in one of the smartest rooms in Hollywood, John Walsh's 881 club—hiding in the restroom! It's true. I was scared to death. Bobby has to twist my arm before I could go out there and face an audience."

Sitting across from the beautiful Julie, Troup guffawed. "Twist your arm? I almost broke it! But you knocked 'em dead, and that's all that matters." Bobby, ever-present valued adviser in Miss London's career, ignited the initial spark of encouragement in the star, where originally there was towering lack of self-confidence.

The winsome strawberry-blonde singer crossed her not unattractive legs, leaned back and chuckled, "Funny thing was, that opening Barney Kessel was making \$250 a week and I was getting all of \$125. We had a heck of a job trying to get Barney to take that gig, too."

REGARDLESS of the money initially involved, Barney seemed to be Julie's good-luck charm. When she recorded her first Liberty album, *Julie Is Her Name*, it was Barney, backed by Ray Leatherwood's bass, who arranged and played throughout. What became mere success at the 881 club was parlayed into triumph extraordinary when *Cru Me a River*, a single from that first album, hit the nation's record stores and sold over a million copies.

"After that, I at least felt better," she said. "Maybe I really could make it, after all. But I still wasn't fully

broken in to recording. The thought of making a record date with a full orchestra gave me the shivers. It wasn't till we did the *Calendar Girl* album that I got over that bugaboo. I'm sure Pete King cured me once and for all. He's such a brilliant arranger, and he knew just how I felt . . . When the time came for the first take, I just shut my eyes and hoped for the best. Now I'm happy I went through with it." On the basis of the album cover alone, it seems reasonable to presume the existing male population is happy, too.

Now that Miss London's insinuating tones are well established in the record industry—so well established, incidentally, that trade observers credit her record sales with launching Liberty Records on its present lucrative course—she is concentrating more and more on her future in motion pictures. With a background of eight movies, including *The Great Man* which is just out of the can, and two yet to be released at this writing, the London career in films has really just hit tempo.

On the subject of music and singers, Julie is very definite in her choice of favorites. "Aside from Ella, who's right where she belongs—on top—I most prefer Peggy Lee. Why? I just like everything she does, I guess. Her whole approach to a song just gasses me!" A thoughtful pause. "Then Beverly Kenney. Looks to me that 1957 will really be her year. I dig her because, well, she phrases like mad. She sings in tune, too; matter of fact, she sings like a musician."

"THEN THERE'S Carmen McRae and Rosemary Clooney because they've got so much taste. You get the feeling they couldn't sing badly if they tried."

Julie makes no bones about being a dyed-in-the-wool Kenton fan. "He's my all-time big band favorite. Thanks to Stan, a whole new school of jazz and musicians developed. He really got it going." This month will mark Julie's appearance with the Kenton band on a U. S. marine corps recruiting program scheduled for NBC radio network and Armed Forces radio. (How many can recall the bad old days when Leatherneck recruiting was never-like-this?)

Still expressing her preferences, Julie suddenly gasped, "I forgot June Christy! Speaking of Kenton reminded me. I really like the way June handles a song. Always have. She came up with a sound of her own and, the way I see it, singers who make it have to have that individual sound."

Easily introduced was the topic of pairing the London sound with that of a jazz group: "Would I dig that! One group I'd love to record with is Chico Hamilton's. I think those guys are so great . . . so original."

"Don't get the idea, though, that I'm strictly a modern jazz fan. I like good Dixieland very much. Dick Catheart is



a particular favorite. He plays cornet."

NOW THAT Julie London is big-time in the record business, it seemed germane to re-pose a question she publicly answered about a year ago . . . Does she still feel as strongly as before about not playing clubs?

"Yes, definitely. I don't care if I never see the inside of another club—as a working singer, I mean. So long as I can make money in other ways, I just won't play clubs. They don't have any appeal at all for me. Actually, they never did have, but for a time it was necessary I work them—so I did. But no more."

Whatever may be the theme, Julie knows her own clear mind. "With all this hullabaloo today in some responsible quarters about whether rhythm & blues (or rock 'n' roll) means musical ruin for us, there is something I'd like to say," she declared, at once animated. "I positively do not think r&b will influence popular music — lastingly, I mean. Not at all. And for those who say, 'Well, it's got the kids dancing,' if standing four feet apart and jumping over each other's shoulders is dancing . . . well, just let me out at the next stop, that's all."

A new London album just recorded but as yet unreleased is titled *About the Blues*. Eyes shining, Julie explains, "Russ Garcia did the arranging. What a musician that Russ is! Naturally, the record is all blues tunes. We did four sides with strings. Then we used a Les Brown type band with Shelly Manne, Maynard Ferguson, Barney Kessel, and other really fine jazz musicians. And on the up tunes, Willie Smith is featured in quite a few solos. Too much! This album is really something new for me, but I'm certainly thrilled about the way it turned out. The boys seemed to have fun doing it, too."

Unhampered

Berlin—Scores of chairs were broken at the first show, and the management urged a hasty curtain on the second at the Sportpalast here when Lionel Hampton literally broke things up in his final Berlin appearance for two years.

Police were called to restore order when the audience threatened to erupt into a furniture-breaking frenzy. Hamp drew two near-sell-outs in the 7,000-seat Sportpalast.

Clutch Player

Boston—John (Dizzy) Gillespie and Guy Lombardo were swapping polite compliments on a disc jockey show when Gillespie asked Lombardo, "Tell me, why did you say that the state department shouldn't have sent my band overseas?"

Lombardo, recovering quickly, answered, "I didn't say it. And the press agent who did is no longer with me."

Phil Is Now

Out Of The Woods

By Nat Hentoff

PHILIP WELLS WOODS is a lean 25, with the appearance of an Alan Ladd, and an alto that talks more like a cross between Bogart and Gerard Philippe. Phil, who won a 1955 *Down Beat* Jazz Critics' poll new star award, recently left John (Dizzy) Gillespie's band, in which he was a charter traveler, and is hoping to field his own quartet.

Intelligent and with a more thorough academic background in music than many of his contemporaries, Woods is clear about what best fills his self-expressive needs: "I want to stay in jazz because I get such a kick out of playing my horn and blowing jazz. I could never resign myself to being just an interpreter, to grinding out other people's music. Basically, I appreciate the freedom in jazz."

As for the alto, Charlie Parker always has been his one essential influence. "The first jazz record I heard was *Koko*," Woods says. "I don't, however, go note-for-note Bird, as some altos do. Some sound as if they're not really playing themselves. But Bird is the only man who has left me completely satisfied in every respect—emotional and intellectual."

"BIRD HAD THE hard swing and still had tenderness in his playing. Some altos are getting so tender they're beginning to sound faggoty and some are becoming so hard, they come on like machine guns, eighth-note style. Neither extreme is it."

"Jazz playing has to have some warmth as well as hard swing. In Jackie McLean and Gene Quill, my two favorite contemporary altos, you can feel compassion, human warmth as well as hard, healthy swing. And both have their own identity. They don't just sound like throwbacks to Bird, although, of course, you can't possibly help feel the influence of Bird in any jazz player's work. And neither Gene nor Jackie is pale-sounding, like so many altos today, those altos in whose work I don't feel any prairie oysters. I also like Cannonball and Lou Donaldson."

Phil has definite feelings as well about some of the current experimental

jazz and says, "Jazz will just go on being jazz and will take and grow from itself no matter how many writers, composers, and cats in Charlie's say, 'We've got to keep moving.' Jazz is an emotional music and if it becomes too intellectual, it will lose its basis. I don't go along with this bunch of experimenters. They should be chemists."

DAVE BRUBECK and the Modern Jazz Quartet are not among Phil's enthusiasms either. "I never had any affinity for Brubeck," he claims. "I was very impressed with the early things the Modern Jazz Quartet did—like the records with Ray Brown. But now, if John Lewis ever loses Bags, that's the end. Bags keeps it a jazz group. He has the only pure funk in it. Without him, it would be a cocktail unit."

The current writers who receive most support from Phil are Ernie Wilkins and Quincy Jones. Woods says that everything he's ever played of theirs "is so right, is functional without losing its funkiness, and is always in context with the mood of the piece. I've always dug Monk. I don't know if you'd call what he does composition, but I like his feeling for a tune, his originality. And I liked what Tadd Dameron did for his small group."

With this much indication of the direction and intensity of Phil's present jazz commitments, it may be illuminating to retrace how he arrived where he now stands as one of the relatively few creative individualists on modern jazz alto.

Born in Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 2, 1931, Phil is the first professional musician in the family—"much to the chagrin of my mother. She can't quite resign herself to it yet. She's getting hip though. I send her all my albums, and recently she said, 'About that last album. I didn't dig it too much. It's a little weird.'"

ALTO WAS PHIL'S first instrument. He started at 12 and studied privately for the next four years. Around 13, he began playing Italian weddings and similar events with a kid band. "We had cardigans and wire stands, and so were one of the sharper young bands," he recalls. Among Springfield contemporaries of Phil were Sal Salvador and Joe Morello.



(Robert Parent Photo)

"Joe got me my first real pro job in Springfield, the first gig that was more than just a weekend," Woods says. "Teddy Charles was still in town, too, when I was real young. He used to play the drums and was known as 'Timeless Teddy.' They used to say even his watch didn't keep time. But he later found his true calling on vibes."

Before moving to New York permanently, Phil commuted from Springfield once a week for five weeks to study with Lennie Tristano—and to buy the latest Bird records. He then took a summer semester at Manhattan School of Music before enrolling at Juilliard in 1948 for a full four-year course.

"I moved in with Sal Salvador," he remembers. "At first in New York all I knew were guitar players. Tal Farlow and Jimmy Raney were in the same building, and John Collins, Johnny Smith, Sam Herman, Perry Lopez, and Billy Bauer used to come over for sessions. Sometimes five guitarists would be jamming with a bass player, someone on brushes, and a pillow on the floor."

AT JUILLIARD, Woods majored in clarinet and recalls, "I was interested in 'legitimate' clarinet—I hate that word 'legitimate'—and I wanted to learn everything I could about music rather than getting bogged down wholly in the jazz scene which wasn't too healthy at the time. I mean healthy in so far as a knowledge of the working materials of music was concerned. They were playing the hell out of the blues, but they weren't too aware of other things happening in music. I kept on playing and listening to jazz whenever I could, but I wanted to learn more before going into jazz full-time."

"Let me make clear," Phil said, leaning forward, "I'm not in favor of any synthesis between jazz and classical music. They're different idioms. But a jazz musician should know the techniques of music."

While at Juilliard, Phil studied composition and wrote a piano sonata, string trio, a short piece for orchestra, and three pieces for unaccompanied clarinet. He has not written any classical works since Juilliard.

"When I left school," he says, "I sort of left that scene. I got what I wanted

out of school and decided to apply it to jazz. I may do some classical writing for my own amusement just as I practice clarinet for my own pleasure and to keep in shape. But my future, playing and writing, is in jazz."

PHIL MAY WELL have been the only clarinet major at Juilliard during his four years there who wasn't generally known as such. "I always had my sax case and so retained my sax billing," he explains. "The legit clarinet students would refer to me as *that* clarinet player. There wasn't much respect for jazz. There was and is a lot of snobism at places like Juilliard."

Phil organized a small jazz group, played some jazz concerts at school, and occasionally blew for John Mehegan's class there. Teo Macero was in the school at the same time, and Woods recalls:

"Boy, was he far out *then*. I remember this one concert he did. The French horns were in the first balcony on one side; the trombones were on the other. The trumpets and saxes, I think, were on opposite sides of the second balcony. The percussion was in the pit. The strings were offstage. There were four conductors. At one point, a vocalist sticks her head out of the ladies' room and goes 'wa-wa-wuh!' And way up on the second balcony, to have some free improvisation, there was a little funky cat playing the blues over all of this. His complaint was that he couldn't hear the changes."

TOWARD THE END of his course, Phil took a two-month leave of absence to go with Charlie Barnet's band. His wife was expecting a baby, and he needed the money. The band closed at the Apollo. Phil had been making classes between shows, and his final exam on clarinet was for the day after closing. The last night at the theater, his clarinet was stolen. He had to wait a full year to take the exam again. He passed.

After Juilliard, Phil worked gigs around New York, and later he had his own combo on Staten Island until one night when a drunken prize fighter punched him in the mouth. He had to lay off for three months.

In August, 1954, before the Staten Island imbroglio, Phil had made his first record date for Prestige. It was under Jimmy Raney's name, and trumpeter John Wilson was the other horn.

Shortly after the date, Phil signed with Prestige. His contract is up in August, 1957.

"I won't stay," he says. "I'm going to freelance and won't sign again with a company unless I get a much better deal. I signed for three years with Prestige and lost my shirt. I'm not about to do it again. My contract called for two LPs a year. How can a man live on that with maybe three or four extra dates as a sideman thrown in? And with a few exceptions, they prevented me from making dates for other people. Well, I've made five LPs for them and have one more to do."

PHIL'S CAREER after Staten Island continued with four to five months with Neal Hefti, including two LPs on Epic, one with the band and one with Frances Wayne added. After Hefti, there was a year off and on at the Nut club, a strip joint in Greenwich Village (now the Pad, a jazz club). Nick Stabulas and

George Syran were also on the job, and on a slow night, they'd just blow with Teddy Kotick bringing his bass down to sit in. Jon Eardley made it weekends, and that quintet made Phil's first LP under his own name.

For a month, Phil played with George Wallington at the Bohemia in a band that included Donald Byrd, Kotick, and Bill Bradley Jr. "That was a complete ball," Woods says. "It was the biggest boot I'd had up to then. It was quite a change from the Nut club."

The next fairly extended job was a month with the Birdland tour in February, 1956, with Kenny Dorham, Al Cohn, Conte Candoli, and Sarah Vaughan's rhythm section. There are two RCA Victor LPs commemorating that journey.

In 1955, Phil became more widely known as a result of his work with Gillespie's big band and with the highly publicized Friedrich Gulda combo.

"I HAVE THE greatest admiration for Gulda," Phil asserts "both as a jazz pianist and writer. Considering the fact the Birdland date was his first jazz job, he did admirably. He didn't get carried away with his pianistic technique, and although he didn't have that much natural funk from not having been exposed to it, there were some nights when he really got it going. Some of his writing is very good and some a little stilted, but basically, the seed there is pretty healthy. If my quartet isn't working steadily, I may go out with him again on his tour next March. The thing is he had the right approach. He wasn't out for any new sound."

As for Gillespie, Phil was with the band on both its near east and South American tours and again when the band regrouped last fall. "I left because I felt a slight loss of my own identity," Woods explains. "For a big band, I got a chance to play quite a lot. I had maybe five tunes to blow on. But it's basically get up, get hot for eight bars, and turn it off."

"And you're always dealing with 15 other individuals. If one or two don't feel as good as you feel at one time, your work is affected by it. It's hard to get 16 men happy all at the same time."

"DIZZY'S THOUGH is the best band I ever played with. I hate to see its potential stagnate. Potentially it's the greatest jazz band. It has more to say than Basie's although that's certainly a good band. Dizzy's band as of now, however, has a lack of direction and needs a larger book, but he ought not to enlarge it with those novelties he used to do with the small unit. But when this band cooks, it really moves. And Dizzy himself always surprises me. He sounds fresh to me every time he plays. He doesn't set his solos, and he sometimes comes up with some off-the-wall things. I was always listening to Diz in the band. He's a wonderful musician."

Phil's current plans point toward a quartet. He's also planning for the 12-piece record date on which he'll do all the scoring. And there was an LP he did for RCA Victor with Gene Quill. "I'm dying to hear that," he says. "I hope they finally release it. There was writing by Bill Potts, Neal Hefti, Nat Pierce, Gene Orloff and myself."

Jazz In Argentina

(Ed. Note: Nat Shapiro, writer on and recorder of jazz, recently visited South America as part of his duties as Columbia Records' co-ordinator of popular artists and repertoire.)

By Nat Shapiro

Buenos Aires, Argentina—Jazz, not encouraged here during the Juan Peron regime, is slowly recovering from an enforced isolation. The major inspiration for what little activity is going on has come as a result of John (Dizzy) Gillespie's visit a few months back. Despite high prices, nearly every jazz musician to whom I've spoken confesses going to every performance. Some of them even followed the band to Montevideo, Uruguay, an overnight boat trip.

The two leading jazz authorities here, Luis Marzoratti, president of the Argentine Bop club, and Carlos Alizieri, editor of the semimonthly *Jazz Magazine*, said there are about 25 or 30 first-rate jazzmen in the country, most of them working on radio and in small bands around Buenos Aires.

The three top combos, often with interchangeable personnels, are Los Modernos, the South Coast sextet, and the Masters—all in the modern idiom. There are several Dixieland bands, but all of these are amateurs and go under such colorful names as The Hot Jammers, Dixieland Reminders, Old-Time Jazz Band, Louisiana Syncopators, and the Georgians.

The most important figure in Argentine jazz is Lalo Schifrin, an arranger-pianist who has managed to put together the first big, American-style jazz band this country ever has had. Patterned somewhat in the Basie-Gillespie tradition, Schifrin's band, caught at an afternoon "dansen" in a downtown Buenos Aires restaurant, displayed a refreshing, swinging enthusiasm and some honest and more than competent musicianship.

Argentine-born, Schifrin has spent the last few years studying composition in France and worked many of the Paris jazz spots as extracurricular activity. He had his own combo—with Bobby Jaspar on tenor—and made some records for Eddie Barclay.

American jazz records are still just about the only contact Argentine musicians have with what's happening. In terms of sales, Louis Armstrong is tops. And since Gillespie's visit, anything with him on it will sell.

The modern musicians dig Parker, Mulligan, Shorty Rogers, and Basie. Kenton and the Modern Jazz Quartet are not admired although many of the musicians think very highly of John Lewis.

With the vestiges of the Peron regime fast disappearing, the outlook for jazz in Argentina is good. The record business is booming, and most of the major U.S. labels are well represented here. Most of all, the fans would like to have American bands come down; and since money can now be taken out of this country, it might be worthwhile for some of the agencies to investigate the possibilities of South American concert tours.

A Manual For

Songwriters

Five Articles Designed To Aid The Amateur Tunesmith

The Problems

(Courtesy Broadcast Music, Inc.)

SONGWRITING is a difficult and highly competitive profession. Only those with genuine talent, originality, and salesmanship can ever hope to succeed.

If you are a writer of lyrics only, you are not a popular songwriter. Similarly a melody without words is only a melody. Both lyrics and music are necessary before you have a completed popular song.

Few successfully write both lyrics and melodies. Poor lyrics, or an inferior tune, may each destroy the value of the other. The majority of all successful songs have been written by experienced lyricists in collaboration with able composers.

A "racket" has recently grown to phenomenal proportions in this country which according to U. S. postal authorities, takes millions of dollars annually out of the pockets of the new and inexperienced writer of songs.

Advertisements appear regularly in certain publications under the headings of "Song Poems Wanted," "Writers Win Fame and Fortune," "Your Song Poems Set To Music," "Record Your Songs," etc.

Such advertisers are known by the unsavory name of "Song Shark."

These unscrupulous parasites thrive on the inexperience of the new and unskilled writer of songs.

Regardless of the merit of the lyrics, they will "accept" them, send you glowing reports, and agree to set them to music for a fee ranging all the way from \$20 to several hundred dollars. Or, they will record your completed song for a fee and send you a catchphrase contract that will cost you hundreds of dollars.

The so-called publishers will send you impressive and enforceable contracts. However, no sane person would conclude those contracts if he or she actually understood them.

Yet, of the thousands of such impossible songs printed every month, there is no record of one ever being a hit. In fact, there is no evidence of such a publication even earning the cost of the original investment of the writer.

Where both lyrics and music have been written, the shark is saved what little time or money it costs him to have a tune ground out, but the cost to the writer remains the same. If you copyright your compositions, these un-

scrupulous operators will discover it through the monthly releases of the bureau of copyrights. The moment a new name appears, a flood of solicitations arrives in every mail.

No matter how poor the lyric or the music, these vultures will accept it—for a fee. (Which may even be paid in installments.)

The U. S. postal department, the Better Business bureaus, and many reputable publishers constantly warn the public about this "racket," but it would almost seem that P. T. Barnum was right.

Another angle, known as the "come on," is the solicitation, agreeing to have the manuscript examined for a few dollars as to its fitness for "acceptance."

This only means a few additional dollars for the shark and again, regardless of merit, the composition will be "accepted" and further fees will be demanded following a glowing report.

These individuals or companies are not publishers. They are simply operators who provide a printing service at exorbitant prices. In every instance the cost to the songwriter through the "song shark" method is far more than he would normally pay to any legitimate printer.

The first rule for the inexperienced writer should be *never pay any money to any publisher for publishing a song*. Nor should payment be made for setting lyrics to music, music to lyrics, examining of manuscripts, or promising to publish and promote.

The publishing business, like any other business, requires experience, skill, and capital, combined with a keen sense of what the public will accept and purchase.

A publisher must have songs to publish and exploit if he intends to stay in business. Always remember that fact.

If a publisher rejects your song it is because, based on his experience, he does not believe he can make money on your material; it may also be that he has so many songs in his office that he cannot afford to take on any more.

There are literally tens of thousands of compositions written every year that cannot possibly be published or successfully and profitably be brought to the attention of the buying public.

Further, and this is most important, it costs from \$10,000 to \$15,000 to ex-

ploit successfully a popular song; many promotions have cost a great deal more.

Nor is the mere publishing of a song any guarantee of its success, for that is determined only through acceptance by the general public—and no one else.

Indeed a publisher would consider himself fortunate if he produced two great hits a year. There are probably not more than 150 popular numbers published by reputable publishers each year which make money, either for the composer or the publisher.

And yet, these same publishers are receiving collectively several hundred thousand manuscripts per year, out of which they must select the songs that result in the very limited number of successes.

A successful publisher, therefore, must first be a good business man.

Remember, it is his money he is risking—not the writer's. Every honest and reputable publisher assumes all costs for publication, including professional copies, counter copies, orchestrations, national distribution and all promotion, meaning the securing of performances in radio and television and recordings from the various record companies.

Any publisher who asks *any fee*, whether small or large, is *not an ethical publisher*.

We repeat—*never pay any publisher any money for the publication of your manuscript or the recording of your song*.

You must realize that the reputable publisher's chances of success are far greater if he can publish a song by recognized writers or one that is being featured in a motion picture or a successful musical comedy. That is one reason he is reluctant to consider the works of unknown writers.

If further reasons were necessary, they are (and regrettably) that the great mass of manuscripts submitted are illiterate, poorly written, and extremely amateurish. The fact that such manuscripts are submitted by the hundreds daily just does not give the publisher sufficient time in which to weed out the few that have merit.

So what can the new songwriter do? First, don't be discouraged. But you must face the facts. It isn't sufficient to want to write—you must have the knowhow. A great artist, in addition to his natural ability, must spend years in study to attain success. So it is in songwriting.

We repeat, songwriting is a highly skilled profession, requiring—like all the arts—genuine talent, originality, knowledge, and experience.

If you have a completed song, it is only necessary to have the melody line
(Turn to Page 42)

The Craft

By Johnny Green

General Music Director, MGM Studios

WE ARE TODAY going through the peak phase of the do-it-yourself period. The substitution of the completely self-sufficient, broadly versatile amateur for the professional specialist has spread from the humble areas of adjusting one's own plumbing into the realm of the fine arts.

"Anyone can paint," is the bold proclamation of various texts currently in vogue. "Play the organ the first time you sit down to the keyboard," one is assured by certain of today's prominent advertisements.

The single safety valve that operates for the majority of the home-style geniuses is that they do not attempt to market their wares on a professional level. Some sort of built-in thermostat restrains the 24-hour Rembrandt from seeking a one-man show at a prominent gallery, the come-lately chord organist from presenting himself as ready to record for a major label.

NOT SO WITH the many thousands of overnight Gershwins, Berlins, Rodgers, Hammersteins, Merrills, and Porters; no shrinking violets at club entertainments they! They storm the highest citadels of the professional music and entertainment business with utter confidence in the hit potential of their songs, a confidence that their professional peers would be far too smart to assume.

Otherwise reasonable persons become suddenly dedicated to a fervent faith that their creations are what the doctor ordered for an ailing world of music.

Perhaps the one glaring characteristic of the amateur, would-be professional songwriter is his failure to listen carefully to, *thoroughly* to expose himself to, and diligently to *study* the professionally successful songs of both the present and the past. His one spontaneous reaction as he listens to radio and phonograph, as he watches television and perhaps attends live shows, seems to be, "If that drivel can become a hit, I can be a smash."

IN 99.9 CASES out of 100, *never* were falser words spoken. Even in today's peculiarly "engineered" music business, any song that *really* crashes through has something special, some kind of magic in its appeal.

Songwriting is a highly developed professional calling. It embraces techniques, methods, rules (proved, of course, by exceptions); a very large know-how.

The words, the lyrics are the heart of a song. The first prerequisite of a good song is an attractive title, an appealing idea, a strong premise. The principle of "identification" applies to songs just as it does in the theater. The listener must feel a personal, emotional bond with what the song is trying to say, must spontaneously want to sing about the story the song tells or the message it brings.

Who has not stopped in front of a pet shop, pressed his nose against the window, been delighted by the antics of

a canine comic and wondered, "How much is that doggie in the window?" Who, at one time or another, has not felt the burning desires that go with being intensely in love and wished for the eloquence with which to observe that "when your heart's on fire, smoke gets in your eyes?" How many times must thousands of persons have pondered a shiny, multicoiled brass instrument at the lips and in the hands of a virtuoso and contemplated inarticulately the journey of the artist's ideas as "the music goes 'round and 'round and comes out here?"

THE LYRICIST is the one in thousands who senses these appealing, identification-laden concepts and frames them in a way that makes the listener feel "that's what I wanted to say all the time!"

A good rhyming sense, combined with a knowledge of the rules of rhyming, constitutes one of the lyricist's indispensable tools.

Singability is an absolute must. Successful lyrics "roll off the tongue." The emphasis must fall naturally and easily on the right syllable. Hard consonant sounds must fall where they should in the melodic and rhythmic pattern of the music, and so must open and closed vowels.

These are matters of technique, and the lyricist must know them cold. Whether he has an instinctive feeling for them or has to study to acquire them is not important; either way he's got to be their master or be nothing.

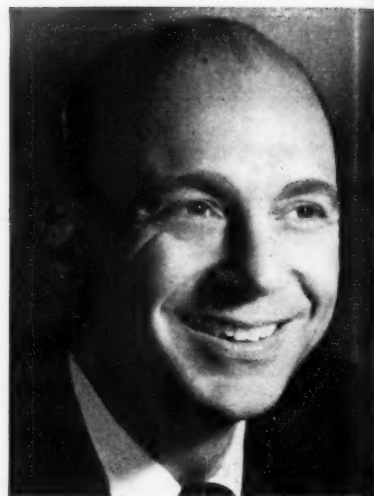
THE WRITER OF melody achieves identification in another way. He must evolve the listener's immediate desire to perform his tune. That performance may be vocal, whistled, played, or even merely thought, but the desire to bring it forth must be there. A melody that only assails the listener's ears without causing him to want to *make* it himself is no hit melody.

The composer must understand the techniques of range, intervals, line, harmony, and rhythm; placement of the right words on the right notes, and all the other problems of musical singability that correspond with the lyricist's word singability.

Then, there is the practical consideration of a sense of proportion, a perspective on one's own position in the scheme of things.

In no walk of life is there so blithe an assumption that one can start at the top as obtains among the peculiar society of songwriting beginners. Frank Sinatra, RCA Victor, MGM, Capitol, Decca, George Abbott, Doris Day, and Perry Como are to them but first rungs on the ladder.

WHY DO THEY never think of going to the local cafe, the local TV or radio station, or at least to the one in the nearest, larger town in quest of an audience for their earliest efforts? Their chances of achieving a hearing are infinitely better. Recent history shows that any number of successful amateur songs have started in just this way, made themselves felt and



Johnny Green

later been taken over by larger outlets to become national hits.

If only the *beginner* songwriter would behave like one. If only he would not assume that Sinatra wakes every morning hoping that the mail will bring that manuscript! Songwriting careers, like any others, are built a step at a time.

Songwriting—a gimmick? An art? A craft? A gift? It is all four, but the one all-important, cruel fact is that it is primarily and above all else a God-given talent, a gift.

God is not prodigal with gifts of talent. The ability to write an eight-bar strain that all the world will want to whistle, a four-line lyrical phrase that all the world will want to remember is one of God's rarest gifts. You've got it or you haven't. If you haven't, all the effort in the world won't give it to you. If you have it, effort will polish it and bring it to its fullest flower. How do you know if you've got it? There is no sure, foolproof answer. But you're on the way to an answer if you'll undertake the following program:

- **EXPOSE YOURSELF** endlessly to songs. Listen, listen, listen to all the top songs of *all* fields but emphasizing, if you will, the area in which you feel you have the greatest potential.

- **BUY SHEET MUSIC** and recordings of the big songs, past and present. Study them as you would study mining or farming or medicine.

- **HAVE THAT SENSE** of proportion about yourself and where you belong at *present*. Don't waste your time resenting Rodgers and Hammerstein and gratuitously submitting your material to the producers who just made *Oklahoma!* for the films.

- **COMPARE YOUR** efforts only with the top successful songs. You can be *pretty* good at almost anything in life. There's no bum like a *pretty* good artist, and songwriting is an art.

- **IN THE ABOVE** comparison be a *ruthless* self-critic after the most careful analysis. Be realistic in your realization of the fact that the society of successful songwriters is a tiny, most exclusive one, not because anyone

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The Labor

By Jack Tracy

DESPITE the impression Hollywood has given, good songs rarely are written on the back of an envelope. They are not tossed off in one blinding flash of inspiration. They are not written while gliding down the moonlight-flooded Wabash river in a canoe.

They are etched and polished and rewritten and sweated over. And, more often than not, they are unpublished.

Songwriting is hard work.

To give you an idea, let's look at a three-man team of Chicagoland songwriters who have written some 80 songs, have spent roughly 10,000 man hours doing so, have had six recorded, have not yet had the semblance of a hit.

Still they continue to spend about 12 hours a week working together and another half-dozen apiece in individual effort. This is in addition to holding down the fulltime jobs that put food in their children's mouths.

THE MEN ARE Jerry Myrow, salesman; Bernie Kuby, advertising agency account executive; Al Engelhard, labor relations counsel.

For four years they have worked together, and it is beginning to pay off. It appears now to be only a question of time and fortune as to when they will get that first big hit that will establish them. They almost made it a few months ago when their *Pin of Gold* was recorded by Dick Noel on Fraternity Records and got an auspicious disc jockey sendoff in New York and elsewhere. But it missed.

To trace the history of *Pin of Gold* might give you an idea of just what goes into the writing of the average song.

It was originally titled *The Pinning Waltz*, and submitted as such to a major record company artist and repertoire man. He made two suggestions. "It's a very good idea," he said, "but I think you should make the melody more reminiscent of *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi* and you should change the title to *Pin of Gold*."

MYROW, who writes the music, obliged by rewriting it, but the lyric remained substantially the same. It went back to the same recording executive and it laid around on his desk for quite awhile. "I don't know," he said. "It lacks something."

Myrow again redid the melody. It went back to the same man. "It's good. I like it. But we're on a rock and roll kick now. I can't promise you when we'd be able to do it."

A short time later, Myrow was introduced to Noel by a mutual friend. Jerry showed Dick a religious song he had done that he thought would be suitable for Noel to use on the *Breakfast Club* show. Noel was politely interested, but that's about all. Myrow, as an afterthought, pulled out *Pin of Gold*. Noel took the lead sheet, but evinced even less interest.

Four hours later he called Myrow at home. "You got a publisher for *Pin*?" he asked.

"Why?"

"We're going to cut it Thursday."

And so several months of effort went for naught when the record failed to get off the ground.

It went for naught, that is, if you reckon success by standards of totality.

BUT FOR Myrow, Kuby and Engelhard it was just one more step along a path that started in 1952 when they first got together. The young town of Park Forest, Ill., of which they are all residents, already had established a community playhouse group. They decided to do an original musical based on the trials residents of that planned community went through during its birth pangs.

Myrow, who had attended the Youngstown college School of Music, the Cleveland Institute of Music, the American Conservatory of Music, and the Roosevelt college School of Music, and who partially made his living by playing trombone, volunteered to do some writing. So did Kuby, a former pre-med student in Cincinnati who had been writing songs as a hobby since he was 12, and Engelhard, an ex-radio script writer.

The three ended up by writing virtually all the music and skits for the show, named *Analysis in Wonderland*. Myrow, in addition, did all the orchestral and choral arranging, copied all the parts, and even directed the pit band for the three sellout performances.

So professional a job did they do, and so much acclaim did they get, they decided to stay together and try to produce more tunes.

They went to a couple of celebrated relatives for advice. Myrow's cousin is Josef Myrow, whose list of songwriting credits includes *Autumn Nocturne*, *You Make Me Feel So Young*, *If I'm Lucky*, and *Velvet Moon*. Kuby is the cousin of lyricist Norman Gimbel (*Ricochet*, *Canadian Sunset*, etc.).

THE ADVICE was simple. Each man said basically the same thing. "You guys have talent. If you want to get into this business, have perseverance, have patience, and work hard. There is no formula for writing hits. Just write the best you know how and get as many people as you can to look at it."

This they have done, with the following results:

My Angelina; *Ice and Fire*; *Save a Kiss for Me*; *Live and Love for Today*; *The Cat's Meow*, and *Pin of Gold* have all been recorded;

They wrote five tunes for a recent show done at the U. S. Savings and Loan League's 125th anniversary celebration at Convention hall, Philadelphia, in which Herb Shriner, Giselle MacKenzie, the Winged Victory cho-



Al Engelhard, Bernie Kuby, and Jerry Myrow

rus, and the June Taylor dancers were among the participants. Response was overwhelmingly on the plus side;

They have written a stirring bit of Americana called *March of Freedom* which is the first original composition ever to be performed by an annual grouping of 300 of Chicago's best high school chorus members;

Most important, they have received vociferous encouragement from some of the most respected names in the music business. "Guys who wouldn't talk to us two years ago now have their office doors open to us any time we come in," says Kuby. "They say they feel sure there's bound to be hit material coming from us at any time, and they're interested in looking at anything we feel is worthwhile bringing in."

TWO YEARS AGO the team was devoting almost all efforts to getting "that one big hit." But from the long, arduous hours they have spent writing almost all kinds of material has evolved a new philosophy. "We struggle to polish everything," they say. "We're trying for quality. Sure, it would be great to have a hit and drive that Cadillac. But it's a fallacy to suppose that once you have that first big one you've got it made."

"Every time you take a tune into a publisher or recording man, you're starting fresh. They're looking at what you give them, not what you wrote last week. No matter what happens, we'll always remember that one night we spent four hours trying to find one word for *March of Freedom*—not a rhyming word, either—a word that was the exact one we needed. And when we did find it, after all that time, we weren't even sure until the next day it was what we were looking for."

And that, as much as anything else, is the point of this story. If you want to write well, you will gladly spend four hours looking for one word. If you have any hope of being published regularly, you will gladly spend four hours looking for one word.

You will not try to bring home an extra x-thousand dollars a year by dashing off a hit tune on part of your lunch hour.

The Showcase

By Joe Carlton

Manager, Popular Artists & Repertoire,
RCA Victor Records

SO YOU'RE A songwriter who has decided to turn in his amateur uniform and crash the pro ranks.

You've got a tough, rough, heart-breaking job ahead of you.

More often than not, you'll be miserably sure that the world is plotting to ignore your talents forever. But still, you're going to take a million-to-one chance that your song somehow, some day, will bring you fame and fortune.

If you can't get this heady dream out of your mind, maybe these suggestions will save you from some of the inevitable wear and tear that goes with the business.

CONCERNING LYRICS, stick to subjects you know. If you're a Nebraska farm boy, don't write about blondes in Manhattan. And if you're a city gal who never has been west of Fifth Ave., don't write about li'l doggies. The public can smell a phony song pitch almost before the ink on the copy is dry.

Musically, stay with the conventional, 32-bar structure. Write with an up-beat or Calypso pattern. That's the stuff that's selling in the current market. Four out of five songs by amateurs are ballads.

Even the best of the pros have a tough time peddling this kind of merchandise these days.

Don't be a copyist. The music business is looking for the bold, audacious approach. Tin Pan Alley floods all of us in the business with more conventional songs than could be recorded in the rest of the century.

WHERE DO YOU take your song? Every week RCA Victor receives from 500 to 700 tunes, written by amateurs. We look at them all, always in the hope there'll be a number that meets our immediate needs. So far, I've yet to build a hit from such material.

Often, we see a germ of hope—a song that has possibilities. But let's face it. We don't have time to edit, revise, re-write. There's too much good material from the pros.

Don't forget that many of the smaller firms have come up with smash hits and that this represents a lucrative market for the writer as well. These companies are looking for material because Tin Pan Alley hasn't yet started beating down their doors.

You can find these companies all over the country, probably in your own home town. Disc jockeys and jukebox operators know this field at every level. Get to know the deejays and operators. They often will be able to steer your song into print and onto records if it has merit. And don't feel snobbish about small publishing firms or record labels. They've been responsible for some of our smash hits.

OF COURSE, YOU occasionally may run into a song shark. But they are easy to spot. Just remember this:

Anyone who offers to publish or make records of your song for a fee is in the fleece business, and you're his sheep. No legitimate publisher or record company will charge you for their services. If there's a question in your mind about the persons you're in touch with, check

with the Songwriters' Protective association of ASCAP or BMI.

How do you present your song?

The sheet music alone isn't enough. Submit it with a demonstration record that you can have made for a few dollars at any one of hundreds of studios throughout the country. You've got to showcase your merchandise but you don't have to wrap it in fancy foil. A simple piano or guitar accompaniment with a voice that is tonally good and in tune is sufficient.

All this may sound like I'm opposed to amateurs. Believe me, I'm not. There never has been a pro who wasn't once an amateur.

The Rewards

By Al Brackman

General Manager, Cromwell Music, Inc.,
and Hollis Music, Inc.

CONSIDERING THAT there are about a quarter of a million new songs written each year and about 50 songs a year that hit the top 10, the pot of gold at the end of Tin Pan Alley, while lucrative, is not very accessible to songwriters. If it is of any satisfaction to budding songsmiths, this pot of gold is equally tough for music publishers to latch onto.

But assuming you have written the hit-of-the-year type of song and are wondering how much revenue can be expected as its writer, here is an approximate breakdown:

● **SHEET MUSIC** royalties to a writer, based on minimum requirements, are 3 cents for each copy sold and paid for in the United States and Canada. Only two songs in the last four or five years, that this writer can recall, sold more than 400,000 sheet music copies. They are *I Believe* and *He*.

There could be one or two others, but generally speaking sheet music sales have diminished appallingly in the last three years. Today, a net sale of 200,000 is considered great, 150,000 good, 100,000 par for most so-called hits.

It is necessary for a publisher to print and ship on consignment (100 percent returnable) two or three times as many copies as are actually sold.

● **NEXT IS MECHANICAL** revenue—phonograph record sales. The writer receives 50 percent of the publisher's net revenue in the United States and Canada. The rate of 2 cents for each record sold is the highest music royalty payable by a record company to a publisher. This figure is established by copyright law. Hence, the writer would get a penny for each record sold under this arrangement.

Mechanical revenue also covers synchronizations—as used in motion pictures, for instance. These fees are computed on a different basis.

● **THEN THERE ARE** overseas royalties. The writer receives 50 percent of the publisher's revenue from territories outside the United States and Canada.

● **FINALLY, THE WRITER** is entitled to performance revenue, which he must seek to collect himself, separate and apart from the publishers' performance shares.

This he can do by joining one of the performing societies, such as BMI or ASCAP. This can be the most important and most lucrative source of a

writer's income on any given hit song and, consequently, should be sought aggressively and eagerly by the writer.

SO, A HIT SONG has made the top 10, and sales are in, and the writer wants to figure his share. (If there is a collaboration of two or more writers, they divide the shares equally.) Here is how it is done:

100,000	sheet copies sold in U. S. and Canada at 3 cents a copy:	\$ 3,000
1,000,000	records sold in U. S. and Canada at 1 cent a record:	\$10,000
Approximate revenue if song is equally big in other English-speaking countries; publisher would receive about \$6,000, writer's share would be:		\$ 3,000
Revenue from other foreign territories, assuming song is equally big in France, Italy, etc.; publisher would get perhaps another \$6,000, of which and writer's share would be:		\$ 3,000
Approximate writer's share from performances, received directly from performing society in U. S.:		\$10,000
Total:		\$29,000

What are the chances of an "unknown" getting a publisher interested in a new song? Frankly, very little. For a number of reasons.

Because of so-called crank lawsuits on hit songs, most publishers have adopted a policy of not accepting songs for consideration from writers unknown to them, or from unknown writers who send them through the mails.

Secondly, because most publishers cannot play an instrument, or read music, they can consider songs best through personal demonstration or through demonstration records.

THE LATTER HAS become the standard operating procedure. Songwriters contend that this is too costly, but actually, it need not be an elaborate or costly demonstration. A good demo can be made for a few dollars, and if a song is worth writing, it is certainly worth dressing up in a presentable, audible interpretation.

And that's another thing—interpretation. Too many good songs are bypassed because a disinterested pianist or arranger at a publisher's office has not given it the interpretation the writer intended, and there's no way for him to get off manuscript the feeling and mood the writer visualized. It is to the writer's best interest that he put these characteristics into the demonstration record.

About half the songs that make the top hit lists each year are by writers who never had a hit before. In some instances, they might have had a few songs published or recorded, unsuccessfully, but for the most part the hits of the year include a large portion of first-time hit songs.

And over the last 20 years, there have been an enormous number of writers who made it with one big tune that scored in the top 10 and then never made it again.

HOW DOES THE everyday, working music craftsman survive? He keeps writing every day and must place songs with publishers constantly, perhaps three or four a week. At the end of the month, he might place eight to 10 songs. One of these could be the big one, and even if three or four others get recorded, but never make the grade, he receives some mechanical and performance revenue.

Total up all this at the end of the year, add the continuing revenue he receives on his songs from the past, and it could add up to a sizable sum.

the hot box

By George Hoefer

IN THE LAST several years there has been a rash of Dixieland bands formed in the wake of the Dixieland revival. Most of these groups have



been organized in the colleges, and their personnels are made up of young musicians born after the days of Bix, Louis at the Sunset, and the King Oliver Creole Jazz band.

Some of these bands expire after their members finish their college careers, while others, such as the Salt City Five from Syracuse university continue making music their profession.

Stan Rubin's Tigertown Five, on the basis of youthful exuberance and Princeton background, has made a good thing out of playing for society. Seems they were the hit of the Rainier-Kelly wedding reception in Monaco until they started to play.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE has its Spring Street Stompers, Yale has Eli's Chosen Six, Dartmouth boasts of the Indian Chiefs under the direction of banjoist Peter Bullis, and there are undoubtedly many more.

The eastern college bands vie for appearances on the Steve Allen television show, midnight concerts at Carnegie hall, a week at Jimmy Ryan's in New York or the Savoy in Boston, and a chance to make records for Jubilee.

One of the best of these Dixie groups is a Boston band known as the Dukes of Dixie (not to be confused with the Dukes of Dixieland from New Orleans) which is led by cornetist Bill Andrews.

BESIDES ANDREWS, there is trombonist Charley Bennett, clarinetist and tenor saxist Jay Migliori, drummer Dave Markell, and pianist Joe Battaglia, a retired banker who owns a housing project in Brookline, and has played intermission piano at the Savoy in Boston for many years.

The interesting twist to this group is that it is made up of graduates from other college bands. Andrews now attends the New England Conservatory of Music when not leading the Dukes, but at one time was a member of the Ann Arbor Alley Cats at the University of Michigan.

Migliori has had considerable experience leading house bands at both the Hi-Hat and the Storyville jazz spots in Boston. An interesting sidelight is that he has worked with Miles Davis, Teddy Charles, and other modernists.

Drummer Dave Markell was at one time the main feature of Harvard's Crimson Stompers and also has the ability to fit in with either Dixieland or modernist combinations.

This band has played the eastern college circuit, the resort coast of Maine, Mahogany hall in Boston, and was featured with the Rev. Norman O'Connor on lecture-concerts over WBZ-TV in Boston. On their summer engagements at York Beach, Maine, the boys played the Hotel Breakers.

A Big Bandstand

By Leonard Feather

THOSE OF US who have become prisoners of television just don't know what we're missing.

At least, this listener was only dimly conscious, until recently, that at the same time when millions of video-oriented fans are glued to the set that offers them Perry Como, Gale Storm, America's Finest Wrestlers and other Saturday night delights, the pictureless airwaves are filled with what must surely be the longest and finest live jazz radio program in history.

This is *Bandstand, U.S.A.*, a two-hour extravaganza that may yet show the important role jazz can play in helping to keep radio alive, and vice versa.

Bandstand, U.S.A. is the creature of Tommy Reynolds, the bandleader, who now works at the Mutual network. Doubling from his job as leader of a combo on the daily TV show, *Teen Bandstand* (the Ted Steele show, on New York's Channel 9), he functions as producer on the Saturday night jazz festival.

THE OTHER EVENING I dropped in at WOR to observe Tommy in action. While he guided the engineers and announcer Guy Wallace through the 14 pages of intricate cues that lead the succeeding groups in and out of the spotlight, he treated his audience to a staggering array of names. Following was the line-up on this occasion:

8 to 8:30, Dave Brubeck quartet from the Red Hill inn, Pennsauken, N. J.

8:30 to 8:45, Chico Hamilton quintet from Olivia's Patio lounge, Washington, D. C.

8:45 to 9:15, Dizzy Gillespie's band from Storyville, Boston.

9:15 to 9:30, Bobby Scott quartet from Café Bohemia, New York.

9:30 to 10:00, Duke Ellington's orchestra from Birdland, New York.

With the exception of Bobby Scott, all the leaders made their own announcements. There were no local announcers to ham it up with corny jive talk. Guy Wallace's narration linking the segments was bereft of cool jargon. Each period was tied together with a slogan: "In jazz, the beat's the thing," illustrated by a subdued Louie Bellson drum solo, actually a passage from the Ellington recording of *Skin Deep*. ("We've actually had listeners writing in to ask who we have in the studio playing drum cues!" says Reynolds. "But of course this is the only part of the show that isn't live.")

Talking with Tommy after the show I learned that *Bandstand, U.S.A.* started July 7, 1956, carried by 87 Mutual stations, a figure that shot up fast and has now reached 250. Reynolds said:

"THE TROUBLE I had convincing them here that a show like this could mean anything! For the first few weeks we had to include several rock and roll and pop artists, to keep the network happy, but gradually we reached the point where we could prove that a show devoted strictly to the best in modern jazz could build an audience. I think our biggest moment came when we moved up in the Nielsen ratings



Tommy Reynolds

from fourth to top place for this time slot.

"The program is the biggest kick for me personally. Sometimes I handle it all from up here and sometimes I run around from one group to another when several of the remotes come from spots in town. I think the show proves not only that there is a big radio audience for live jazz, but also that you can get real gems on live performances that you just don't manage to achieve on records. And look at this list of the people we've had on the show so far!"

The list was astonishing: I could hardly think of a major name in modern jazz that was missing. *Bandstand U.S.A.* carried what was probably Art Tatum's last live broadcast; Stan Kenton, Charlie Mingus, Phineas Newborn, Jimmy Giuffrè, the MJQ, and scores more have been among those presented. The list of locations has increased steadily, and will soon be bolstered by the inclusion of night spots in Chicago, Los Angeles and possibly Miami.

ASKED HOW he felt about his evolution from the role of clarinetist-leader of a big swing band (his major identification through the 1940s) to producer, Reynolds answered, "Naturally I miss the big band. We finished at Roseland in September, 1955, then did a Canadian tour with Bob Hope. Since then I've only done occasional gigs with the big band, but the combo I have on the daily show is a nice little group, more or less Dixieland style. We have Steve Schultz on trumpet, Tyree Glenn on trombone, Johnny Potoker on piano, Tommy Abruzzo on bass, and Brad Spinney on drums. So I get my kicks weekdays playing and Saturdays listening."

If you haven't already become a *Bandstand, U.S.A.* addict, now is the time to start; and it isn't enough just to start listening. The Mutual network must be made to realize that the show's big rating was no freak. The more enthusiastic mail the network receives, the better chance there is that the program will be extended to two or more nights a week—and even more important, the better the chance that it may land a sponsor.

BUDDY DeFRANCO

A dozen top-drawer show tunes were collected and arranged by Russ Garcia for Buddy DeFranco and a big, big band in *Broadway Showcase* (Verve MGV-2033). Included in the 24-piece band is a 12-member string section, against which the cool-sounding DeFranco clarinet and an uncredited trumpet are showcased. This collection succeeds where so many mood and Broadway collections fail because a good deal of intelligence was used in setting up the album, and in spotting enough solos throughout to avoid the sticky and overarranged sound so many of those albums have.

The arranging is clean and functional, the band bright-sounding, and the results very satisfactory. Included in the set are *Speak Low*, *Who Cares*, *Autumn in New York*, *Makin' Whoopee*, *Heat Wave*, and *Have You Met Miss Jones?*

URBIE GREEN

In compiling a jazz-flavored set aimed at dancers, *All About Urbie Green and His Big Band* (ABC-Paramount ABC-137), Urbie has come up with something quite unusual these days—a light, swinging sound. Urbie's liquid trombone is spotted throughout 10 charts by John Carisi and one by Al Cohn. Cohn's treatment of Thelonious Monk's *'Round About Midnight* is handsomely mounted, creating a rich, warm mood and giving Urbie some lower-register blowing.

Green's ballad horn is strikingly beautiful on *Home*. *Cherokee* is taken 'way up, with the brass setting a clean, staccato pace. Urbie sounds huge on *I Ain't Got Nobody*, taken at dance tempo. Although a couple of Carisi's originals, *Little John* and *Plain Bill from Bluesville*, are Basie tributes, the band achieves that reedish, swinging sound characteristic of Benny Goodman's mid-'40 bands.

In the band for this LP were such stalwarts as Hal McKusick, Cohn, Sol Schlinger, Joe Wilder, Doc Severinsen, Nick Travis, Carisi, Lou McGarity, Osie Johnson, and Jack Lesberg. Tom Stewart's notes state that Urbie hopes to front a working dance band similar to this one, and in this era of brass-heavy orchestras, there is surely a place for an outfit with a subtler voice.

MAHALIA JACKSON

Bless This House (Columbia 12" LP CL 899) is a gospel music recital by the magnificent Mahalia. She is accompanied by the Falls-Jones Ensemble. All of the vibrant virtues of Mahalia are present—the power, richness and depth of her sound; her triumphant vitality; and her beat which cuts that of almost any contemporary jazz singer for drive and recking assurance. Among the titles are *Let the Church Roll On*, *Trouble with the World*, *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, preceded by *Summertime*, *Down by the Riverside*, and *Precious Lord*. A lasting record of rare strength and beauty.

OSIE JOHNSON

A Bit of the Blues (RCA Victor LPM-1369) is best taken a bit at a time. Osie sings them all with backing by a band including Nick Travis, Al Cohn, Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, Hal McKusick, and Barry Galbraith. Manny Albam scored the set. Some of the tunes—*Ninety-Eight Cents*, *All I Want Is My Clothes*, *Baby, Let Me Wear Your Hat*, and *You Showed Me the Way*—best showcase Osie's vocal style. The others are largely r&b.

Through all of the pieces, however, Johnson's infectious humor and low-voiced sound come on big. It's the quality of his voice that sells the tunes, but which also becomes wearing over a long stretch. *Ninety-Eight Cents* should make a splash as a single. In fact, right now Osie should be making a splash on singles as a pop vocalist.

MORGANA KING

For You, For Me, Forevermore (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36079) is a consistently creative performance by one of the few musically impressive girl vocalists of recent years. Miss King has an emotionally full, attractive sound; a fine sense of rhythm that allows her to play around, over and under the beat; unusually intelligent ability to project lyrics; vitality; and above all, a horn-like, resiliently supple sense of phrasing that in a few places here shows a debt to Sarah Vaughan, but which is essentially Morgana's own. She can sing more direct jazz than she indicates in this admittedly pop-aimed set. Good choice of songs include *Delovely*, *Down in the Depths*, *The Song Is You*, *Everything I've Got*, and an especially valuable interpretation of *If You Could See Me Now*. Only major trouble are the lush, conventional, often bland and never fresh arrangements of Richard Hayman. This girl deserves a Gil Evans, especially if they must use strings behind her. Only sidemen credited in the notes are Hank Jones, Mundell Lowe, Al Caiola, and Chauncey Welsh.

JULIE LONDON

Julie becomes a *Calendar Girl* in sound and in fact on this 13-tune offering (Liberty SL 9002). On the record, she sings a song for each month, including the 13th. The songs and Julie's treatment are as glossy as the pictures. About half of the tunes are new, including Bobby Troup's pretty *February Brings the Rain* and his cute *This October*. The mood varies between happy in love or blue because love has gone. Backing is by Pte King's orchestra. A chorus joins Julie for *June in January* and *This October*. Dig the lyrics on the new *People Who Are Born in May* and *Time for August*. A very smooth package, for listening or just looking.

AUDREY MORRIS

Backed by a group of jazzmen and the Bethlehem Strings, *The Voice of Audrey Morris* (Bethlehem BCP-6010) sings a dozen standards in a mixed package. She is warm and sure on *I Never Mention Your Name*, but nasal on *It's Always You*. How 'Dja Like to Love Me? swings lightly, but Audrey has trouble with *What More Can a Woman Do?* In a manner similar to

that of the girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead, when Audrey is good she is very good; but there are some areas in which she can improve.

Marty Paich arranged, conducted and played celeste on the date. Stu Williamson is highlighted throughout on tasty trumpet, Bill Pitman on guitar, and Joe Mondragon on bass. Irv Cottler and Alvin Stoller split the drumming.

PETE RUGOLO

Music for Hi-Fi Bugs (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36082) presents eight Rugolo arrangements, including two originals. One purpose of the date apparently is to attract hi-finiks by utilizing a wide and varied range of instrumental colors. If you are an Altec speaker, then, you may get extra kicks from the set. Musically, however, there isn't much in the writing to recommend. There's a lot of pretentious, trick scoring which certainly is "bright" but has little taste nor functional eloquence. *Fawney Meeting You* (the Hefti tune) and parts of the eight-minute *Oscar and Pete's Blues* are less cluttered than most of the others. But, in general, Rugolo characteristically is more concerned with how to say things flashily than with the cohesiveness and substance of what's being said. He is undeniably skilled, but his is a rather shallow art. Good blowing solos by Ronny Lang, Dave Pell, Pete Candoli, Don Fagerquist, Frank Rosolino, Herbie Harper, Larry Bunker, Russ Freeman, and Howard Roberts. Drummer is Shelly Manne with Clarence Karella on tuba and Harry Klee on flute and piccolo.

DINAH SHORE

Dinah gathers together 12 tunes to make up a *Bouquet of Blues* (RCA Victor LPM 1214), although only *St. Louis Blues* and *Memphis Blues* actually belong in the bouquet. On both, Dinah gets along pretty well until the chorus pops in and starts screaming. The rest of the tunes are bluesy. Best tracks are *Born To Be Blue*, *Moanin' Low*, and *What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry?*. The title tune sets a bluesy mood, and *Lonesome Gal* and *Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home* are done well by Dinah. These aren't the blues as sung by, say, Billie Holiday. They're more a businessman's blues, sung by a pro, but not really from inside. Backings are, variously, by Harry Zimmerman, Henri Rene, and Frank DeVol.

ANDY WILLIAMS

Sometimes soft-voiced Andy swaps bows with his television boss in this set, *Andy Williams Sings Steve Allen* (Cadence CLP 1018). The multifaceted Allen is represented by the familiar *Meet Me Where They Play the Blues*, *Picnic*, and *An Old Piano Plays the Blues*. The gems are among the not-so-familiar pieces: *Tonight*, *Stay Just a Little While*, the bright *Playing the Field* and *Spring in Maine*, and the haunting *Impossible* and *All the Way Home*.

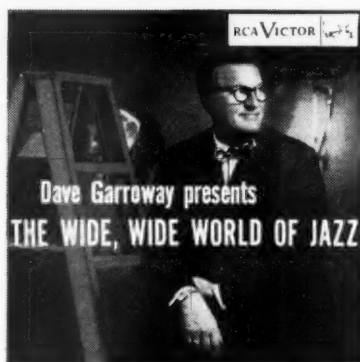
Andy sings the tunes warmly and without gymnastics. The backing by string quartet and Alvy West's alto is generally tasteful, although West does intrude at times. The cover of Andy in his Italian hat is about as happy as any you'll see this or any year.

***THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD OF JAZZ.** NBC-TV star Dave Garroway gives you just about everything in jazz as he leap-frogs over the musical map — Swing, Modern, Dixie, Latin! Hear unforgettable Lee Wiley and Helen Ward for the first time in hi fi, plus jazz greats like Billy Butterfield, Barbara Carroll, Tito Puente.

***JAZZ IN FOUR COLORS.** Starring the Lou Levy Quartet, with Lou at the piano; Stanley Levey, drums; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Larry Bunker, vibes. Here is jazz ensemble playing at its best . . . a happy marriage of tunes, talent and imagination. Includes: The Lady Is a Tramp, Star Eyes, Gal In Calico and other all-time greats.

***RHYTHM WAS HIS BUSINESS.** George Williams and His Orch. present a musical tribute to the late, great Jimmie Lunceford by playing 12 selections in Jimmie's own swingin' style, including For Dancers Only, Lunceford Special, Margie, Swingin' On C, Uptown Blues.

***THE TOUCH OF TONY SCOTT.** Here you have America's greatest modern jazz clarinetist playing some of the most exciting, provocative contemporary jazz yet recorded. The arrangements are by Scott, Jimmy Mundy, Eddie Sauter, Al Cohn, George Siravo and John Cerisi.

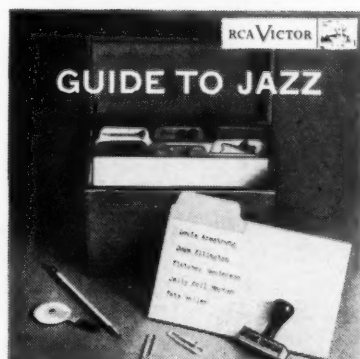


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Jazz Reissues And Collations

ALBUM, CONTENTS

Count Basie: Blues by Basie
(Columbia 12" LP CL 901)

Tootie; How Long Blues; Way Back Blues; Blues; Harvard Blues; Bugle Blues; Take Me Back Baby; The Golden Bullet; Nobody Knows; Royal Garden Blues; I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town; Bluebeard Blues

Clifford Brown: Memorial Albums
(Blue Note 12" LP 1526)

Hymn of the Orient; Easy Living; Minor Mood; Cherokee; Wail Bait; Brownie Speaks; De-Dah; Cookin'; You Go to My Head; Carving the Rock

(Prestige 12" LP 7055)

Philly J. J.; Choose Now; Dial "B" for Beauty; Theme of No Repeat; Stockholm Sweetnin'; Scuse These Blues; Falling in Love with Love; Lover, Come Back to Me

Spike Hughes: and His All-American Orchestra
(London 12" LP LL 1387)

Nocturne; Pastoral; Bugle Call Rag; Arabesque; Fanfare; Sweet Sorrow Blues; Music at Midnight; Sweet Sue, Just You; Air in D Flat; Donegal Cradle Song; Firebird; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?

James P. Johnson: Rare Solos
(Riverside 12" RLP 12-105)

Runnin' Wild Madley; Carolina Skout; Arkansas Blues; Ole Miss Blues; Harlem Chocolate Babies on Parade; Cry Baby Blues; Eccentricity; Sugar; The Down Home Blues; Look What a Fool I've Been; Muscle Shoals Blues

Piano Jazz: Vol. 1
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Great Jazz Pianists
(Camden 12" LP CAL-328)

Sheik of Araby; Grand Piano Blues; Honky Tonk Train Blues; Tank Town Bump; Boogie Woogie Jump; Squeeze Me; Ain't Misbehavin'; Daybreak Serenade; Erroll's Bounce; Rockin' in Rhythm; Thou Swell; Humoresque

Ma Rainey: 12 Classic Performances
(Riverside 12" RLP 12-108)

Oh Papa Blues; Blues, Oh Blues; Big Feeling Papa; Barrel House Blues; Walking Blues; Victim of the Blues; Black Cat, Hoot Owl Blues; Prove It on Me Blues; Hear Me Talking to You; Grievein' Hearted Blues; Stack O'Lee Blues; Yonder Comes the Blues

Guide to Jazz

(RCA Victor 12" LP LPM 1393)

Some Sweet Day; One O'Clock Boogie; Shake It and Break It; Heah! Me Talkin'; Working Man Blues; Black and Ten Fantastic; Don't Be That Way; My Blue Heaven; Super Foot Stomp; Grand Terrace Shuffle; Really the Blues; Swingin' Uptown; Black Bottom Stomp; Sweet Like This; Black Raspberry Jam; The Mellow Blues

SUMMARY

A largely satisfying collection of 1939-50 blues with several vital, rusty Jimmy Rushing vocals (including the stirring *Harvard Blues* with lyrics by G. Frazier). There are two with the 1950 C. Terry-DeFranco-Chaloff-Rouse small combo; two with rhythm section, Byas and Clayton; one with just rhythm; one small combo with Wardell Gray; and some fine, mellow 39-41 band sides with Wells, Clayton, etc. A valuable album.

The Blue Note was originally issued on 10" LPs 5032 (with *Brownie Eyes* added) and 5030 (with *Bellarosa* added). Both were 1953 sessions, and the first five have Gryce, Rouse, Heath, Blakey, J. Lewis. Second five, Clifford's first session, include L. Donaldson, E. Hope, Heath, Philly Joe Jones. The Prestige collates 10" LPs 159 and 167. The first four are from a June, 1953, Tadd Dameron date with Gryce, Golson, Heath, Philly Joe, O. Estell, and H. Mullins. The last four, September, 1953, are the excellent Quincy Jones' originals and arrangements cut in Sweden with Farmer, Domnerus, Gullin, Persson, Hallberg, Gunnar Johnson, Noren. If you don't have the 10" sets, both these memorial LPs are essential to any modern jazz collection, especially now that there'll be no more Clifford.

A set of rare collectors' item you oughtn't let slip by. Recorded here in 1933 by English composer Spike Hughes (who was heavily influenced by Ellington), the sides include such distinguished sidemen as Dickie Wells, W. De-Paris, Shad Collins, Benny Carter, Wayman Carter (one of the first jazz flute solos on record is here), Coleman Hawkins, K. Marshall, S. Catlett, Red Allen, Chu Berry, etc. The writing is sometimes effective but much more durable are the solos, including several by Wells that are analyzed in André Hodies's book. An important reissue. Helpful notes by Raymond Herricks.

All but two of these never have been issued before on LP. All were originally cut as QRS player-piano rolls in the early '20s. Another indication of the still underestimated prowess of James P. as writer and pianist, this is a highly valuable LP. It's also a striding documentary of a period and of the classic stylist of early uptown piano, an orchestral piano style that deeply influenced the further course of jazz. And there's a lot of fine, full blues here, too.

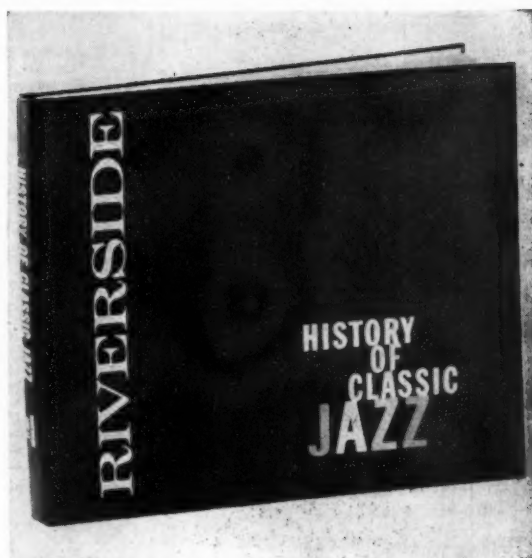
A superb collection of "barrelhouse and boogie" and blues piano of the '20s (these were cut from 1926-30). On Vol. 1, there are Montana Taylor (2), Speckled Red (3), Romeo Nelson (1), Pinetop Smith (4), and Cow Cow Davenport (2). Second volume includes Jelly Roll (4), Frank Melrose (2), James P. Johnson (2), Alex Hill (2), and Mary Lou Williams (2). Nat Shapiro's notes provide historical background and biographical data. First volume also has some blues singing and talking. Bob Thiele is to be congratulated for one of the key packages of the year; he has a lot more in the archives that ought to be similarly liberated.

A wonderful buy on Victor's low-priced Camden label, but unfortunately, there are no dates nor personnels given. In order of titles, here are capsule facts: Oscar Peterson (1952); Earl Hines with band (1929); Meade (Lux) Lewis (1936); Jelly Roll Morton with combo (1929); Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson (1941); Fats Waller, singing with combo (1939); Art Tatum (1947); Jess Stacy with band (1945); Erroll Garner (1947); Duke with band (1934); James P. in a rare 1927 session with himself on piano, Fats Waller on organ, Jabbo Smith, and Garvin Bushell, and Mary Lou Williams (1946).

One of the most valuable reissues in months. Long appreciated mainly as "discoverer" of Bessie Smith, Ma was prime, visceral blues royalty in her own voice with power and depth. Varied accompaniers on these 1923-28 Paramounts include Ladnier, L. Austin; and on the last two, Joe Smith, C. Green, B. Bailey, F. Henderson, C. Dixon. Listen to Track 8 for a monolog not unusual in the jazz repertoire. Some of these are among the best recordings sound-wise of Ma we have. Indispensable for blues-feelers.

Issued in conjunction with Hugues Panassie's book by the same title, *Guide to Jazz* is a most worthy collection of Victor vault sides long out of print. Among the most worthy are Louis Armstrong's *Some Sweet Day*; Fletcher Henderson's *Sugar Foot*, with moving solos from Rex Stewart and Coleman Hawkins; Lionel Hampton's *Don't Be That Way*, with Johnny Hodges in lustrous form; Hawkins' driving *My Blue Heaven*; Jimmy Yancey's warmly effective *Mellow Blues*. A collection that should take a prominent place in basic libraries.

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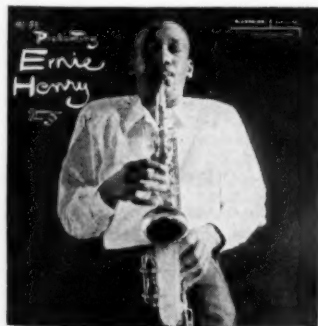


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ON 

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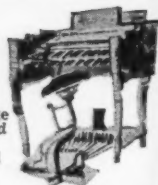
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Records are reviewed by Nat Hentoff, Jack Tracy, Ralph J. Gleason, and Dom Cerulli and are initialed by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★ Very Good, ★★ Good, ★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Gene Ammons

JAMMIN' WITH GENE—Prestige 12" LP 7060: Jammin' with Gene; We'll Be Together Again; Not Really the Blues.

Personnel: Gene Ammons, tenor; Jackie McLean, alto; Art Farmer, Donald Byrd, trumpets; Mal Waldron, piano; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Except for most of the leader's contributions, this is a blowing session with some areas of imaginative excitement. Ammons has the power and intensity of the others, but lacks the inventiveness. He is at his best on *Together*, both in the opening, stark, slow stripping of the ballad line and the emphatic up-tempo sections. But on the other two tracks, after fairly effective opening statements, his solos decline into a collection of clichés. The other soloists, however, are incisive if not entirely as relaxed as they have been on some other sessions. All, however, have a number of effective comments. Rhythm section is strong, but Taylor is sometimes too loud and heavy as on *Blues*.

Blues, played in an undercurrent of near-frenzy, takes up the entire second side with the final part being devoted to a series of slashing exchanges between the horns. Prestige these days too often is taking the easy way out of recording jazz—assembling some men and telling them to just blow. It doesn't always work out memorably. Sessions deserve more thought and advance planning and added takes than are sometimes afforded by Prestige. (N. H.)

Ruby Braff

RUBY BRAFF FEATURING DAVE MCKENNA—ABC-Paramount 12" LP 141: *Dancing in the Dark*; *Blue Prelude*; *Why Was I Born?*; *Blue (and Broken Hearted)*; *If I Could Be with You*; *I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby*; *Louisiana*; *It's Wonderful*; *Almost Like Being in Love*; *Lover, Come Back to Me*; *I Must Have That Man*.

Personnel: Ruby Braff, trumpet; Dave McKenna, piano; Al Lucas, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is not a complicated album; it is a simple one but nonetheless effective for being so. Braff plays trumpet solos with rhythm accompaniment on 11 ballads which are very well paced and make a good program. One of them, *It's Wonderful*, is a great, forgotten tune of the mid-'30s (Maxine Sullivan introduced it and used to sing it at the Onyx), not to be confused with *'S Wonderful*.

On all the numbers, Braff displays his warm, relaxed, and moving approach to a melody. If occasionally there is an old-fashioned sound, it is not corny at all but directly evocative of the best feeling of the "good old days."

There are some excellent bits of McKenna's piano playing scattered here and there and also several good solo appearances by bassist Lucas. The tempos are excellent, and the directness of approach gives a joyous feeling that must come from the heart. Good, straightforward notes by Leonard Feather. (R.J.G.)

B. Carroll-L. Wiley-P. Hucko-D. Kincaide, etc.

DAVE GARROWAY PRESENTS THE WIDE WORLD OF JAZZ—Victor 12" LPM-1322: *Flying Down to Rio*; *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans*; *California, Here I Come*; *Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen*; *Manhattan Serenade*; *Chicago Breakdown*; *Spain*; *Paris without You*; *A Foggy Day in London*; *Kansas City Stomp*; *Stars Fell on Alabama*; *Havana After Dark*.

Personnel: tracks 1 and 12—Tito Puente on che-trá; tracks 2 and 11—Lee Wiley with Don Kincaide's Dixieland band including Lou Stein, Billy Butterfield, Cutty Cutshall, Peanuts Hucko, Bob Haggart, Barry Galbraith, Cliff Leeman; tracks 3 and 8—Barbara Carroll trio with Joe Shulman and Al Monroe; tracks 4 and 7—Peanuts Hucko's Swing Band with Lou Stein, Charlie Shavers, Lou Mucci, Bernie Glow, Les McCaritz, Cutty Cutshall, Hymie Shertzer, Boonin Richman, George Berg, Phil Bodner, Ode Johnson, Milt Hinton, Griff Howe; tracks 5 and 9—Helen Ward with Hucko band; tracks 6 and 10—Kincaide band as listed above.

Rating: ★★½

If you believe the "world-wide" jazz perspective of Dave Garroway and Victor jazz head Fred Reynolds according to this LP, 1956 jazz is still rooted in the '30s—except for Barbara Carroll. This is a decidedly mixed package with only the two Wiley and the two Carroll tracks of cohesive jazz value. Helen Ward was never a jazz singer, and while warm in her outings here, she's still not. The two Puente tracks have no place here at all. Hucko's two has him making like Benny Goodman again, while Kincaide's are far from memorable.

There are some good solos here and there by Butterfield, Cutshall, Hucko, Stein, and Shavers, but nothing remarkable enough to warrant investing in the LP (and that includes the four better tracks).

Garroway introduces and closes the time machine and he also wrote the rather coy notes that do not contain full personnel. A curious performance by Reynolds and by Garroway (if he had anything to say about the cast of musicians). It's certainly a small world. (N. H.)

P. Fountain-E. Miller-A. Lincoln, etc.

NEW ORLEANS TO LOS ANGELES: PETE FOUNTAIN AND HIS THREE COINS—Southland 12" S-LP 215: *Farwell Blues*; *Jazz Band Ball*; *March of the Bob Cats*; *Jazz Me Blues*; *Cherry Struttin'* with Bar-B-Q; *Home Song of the Wanderer*.

Personnel: First four tracks: Al Hirt, trumpet; Pete Fountain, clarinet; Eddie Miller, tenor; Abe Lincoln, trombone; Stan Wrightman, piano; Morty Corb, bass; Ray Bauduc, drums. Second four tracks: Pete Fountain, clarinet and tenor; Roy Zimmerman, piano; Johnny Edwards, drums; Phil Darois, bass.

Rating: ★★★

First four (*New Orleans to Los Angeles*) were cut by Joe Mares in the latter citadel this fall immediately after the Bull-Norman *Dixieland Jubilee*. The rhythm section is strong but sprightly; Eddie Miller is, always, excellently himself; Abe Lincoln is lusty; Pete Fountain's clarinet is liquid in the flowing New Orleans tradition. But Al Hirt's trumpet mars an otherwise happy date. His open solos are shrill and frenzied, and his conception of leading a Dixieland ensemble on finales is often anarchic. Instead of hearing what's happening around him and working toward a blended excitement, Hirt flies stridently in his own not especially effective but certainly loud direction.

The four with quartet were recorded in New Orleans. Heard as the only horn, Fountain's clarinet becomes less mellow (veering to sharpness); and while it remains fluid, the conception,

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while pleasant, does not come through as freshly individual. Zimmerman's piano is vigorous if somewhat rhythmically stolid. Rhythm section is steady and not obtrusive. Fountain might be advised to explore the chalumeau register more often next time. His tenor on *Song* is a botting cross between Bud Freeman and Eddie Miller, and swings hard. (N. H.)

George Girard

DIXIELAND FESTIVAL, Volume II—Vik 12" LP LX-1053; Mahogany Hall Stamp; Chinatown, My Chinatown; Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?; Da Da Strain; St. Louis Blues; Sweethearts on Parade; Original Dixieland One-Step; Dark Eyes; Wang Wang Blues; Mama Don't Leave It; Please Don't Allow It; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; Beale Street Blues.

Personnel: George Girard, trumpet, vocals; Bob Di-con, piano; Paul Edwards, drums; Emilie Christian, bass; Harry Shields, clarinet; Bob Havens, trombone.

Rating: ★

This is among the loudest records of the year. From the first track to the last, the ensemble passages are unremittently hammered home. Only on *Beale St.* and *Mama* is the tension eased somewhat but largely because those numbers give everyone a solo around, and the front line isn't roaring. The album was recorded at the Parisian room in New Orleans, and the sound is not so live as a result. Edwards' drum and cymbal work dominate and often overpower the group.

Girard has a James sound on open horn. Shields, brother of ODJB clarinetist, is best heard on *Talk* and *Beale St.* *St. Louis* and *Sweethearts* are kicked off at march tempo a la the Glenn Miller air force band, and *St. Louis* even has a Millerish in the mood riff ending. Girard sings *Mama*, *New Orleans*, *Sweethearts*, and *Talk*. All in all, not a very satisfactory showcase for the Girard group. A change of pace would have helped considerably. (D. C.)

Ernie Henry

PRESENTING ERNIE HENRY—Riverside 12" RLP 12-222: *Gone with the Wind*; *Orient*; *Free Flight*; *Checkmate*; *Active Ingredients*; *I Should Care*; *Cleo's Chant*.

Personnel: Ernie Henry, alto; Kenny Durham, trumpet; Kenny Drew, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Altoist Henry, who recently replaced Phil Woods in the Gillespie band, has worked with Dameron, Gillespie in the late '40s, Ventura, Auld, and Jacquet. He recorded with Dameron, Navarro, and McGhee at the end of the '40s, but since then has largely been absent from the recording scene until signing with Riverside. Durham is with the Max Roach unit. Ware is the excellent Chicago bassist who should have received more solo space on the date. Taylor and Drew are familiar rhythm section bulwarks. Drew is in particularly cohesive, funky-functional form in his solos on this set.

Dorham is the best soloist on the date, indicating again the impressive maturity he has attained in recent months. Kenny's conception is individual, quick-witted, and logical. He has become a major hornman.

Henry, deeply molded by Bird, plays with passionate force, but his voice is not yet a wholly distinctive one. His tone could advantageously lose some of its frequent stridency and he would be a bigger musician if he were to blend more lyricism with his cragginess. He is, as the notes indicate, a man strong

in the blues. (The most memorable track is *Cleo's Chant*.) The five Henry originals are attractive.

Good engineering by Jack Higgins and the finest color on a jazz cover I've yet seen. Orrin Keepnews, who usually is a model annotator, gets breathless on this one and doesn't help his man thereby. (N. H.)

Billie Holiday

LADY SINGS THE BLUES—Clef 12" LP MG C-721: *Lady Sings the Blues*; *Tru'lin' Light*; *I Must Have That Man*; *Some Other Spring*; *Strange Fruit*; *No Good Man*; *God Bless the Child*; *Good Morning Heartache*; *Love Me or Leave Me*; *Too Marvelous for Words*; *Willow Weep for Me*; *I Thought About You*.

Personnel: First eight tracks: Tony Scott, calinet, music director, arranger; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Paul Quinichette, tenor; Aaron Bell, bass; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Wynton Kelly, piano; Lennie McBrowne, drums. Last four tracks: Harry Edison, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto; Bobby Tucker, piano; Red Callender, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Lady Sings the Blues, I understand, was a rather stormy session in its first eight tracks; but to a listener who wasn't there, it comes through as a characteristic, satisfyingly troubling, indelible Billie monologue. Tempos are generally slow with some walking-medium.

No other singer now in jazz gets so fully into the bloodstream as Billie still does. The writing is slim and functional, but it's too bad there are no instrumental solos. Billie in the past has often been spurred by imaginative horn observations, and in any case, the album would have benefited from the tonal contrasts and exchanges of ideas. But Billie still has the best vocal game in town when she's playing for keeps. Note, for example, the remarkably effective, understated *I Thought About You* on which Billie is backed only by Tucker. Nowhere on the record is any personnel listed. (N. H.)

J. J. Johnson

J IS FOR JAZZ—Columbia 12" LP CL 935: *Naptown U. S. A.*; *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*; *Angel Eyes*; *Solar*; *Overdriving*; *Undecided*; *Never Let Me Go*; *Chasin' the Bird*; *Cube Steak*.

Personnel: J. J. Johnson, trombone; Bobby Jaspar, tenor and flute; Elvin Jones, drums; bass split between Percy Heath and Wilbur Little; piano between Tommy Flanagan and Hank Jones.

Rating: ★★★½

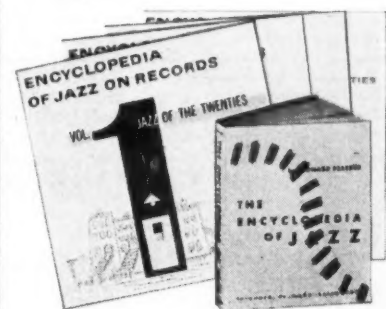
Conservative-modern jazz played with taste and feeling. J. J. is the major soloist, blowing with valuable personal conception, clarity, and unfailing time. Jaspar, the Belgian-born jazzman who won the International Jazz Critics' New Star Award on tenor is an able modern-mainstream tenor who as yet hasn't found his own instantly identifiable voice on the instrument. His flute, however, is more wholly his, since he blows it with a fuller, more legitimate (though still jazz in feeling and phrasing) tone than most of his jazz contemporaries.

The arrangements, all by J. J., are calm, lucid, but ultimately neither as challenging nor as durable, for the most part, as they could be. J. J., while usually one of the better writers in jazz, nonetheless needs a more varied book and some charts that venture farther structurally than these.

But in essence, this is a fertile combo, well worth spending time with. Rhythm section support throughout is admirable. The rating would have been higher if the arrangements had been somewhat less polite. (N. H.)



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Lawrence Marable-James Clay

TENORMAN—Jazz: West 12" JWLP-8: The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; Easy Living; Miss Meeting; Airtight; Willow Weep for Me; Three Fingers North; Lover Man; Marbles.

Personnel: Lawrence Marable, drums; James Clay, tenor; Jimmy Bond, bass; Sonny Clark, piano.

Rating: ★★

Clay, 20, is a discovery of Marable but other than that information, very little is told of him—or his associates—in the inadequate notes. Bond is Che Baker's bassist, and Clarke and Marable are veterans of many combos and record dates. The rhythm section is firmly integrated and Clarke's solos are among the best he's put on record.

Always a full swinger, Clarke's choruses are funky to the point. Marable and Bond are also effective in their few solo chances.

Clay, who came from Dallas, is certainly one new west coaster no one's likely to accuse of not swinging. He has a big, hot tone and wails rhythmically with forthright emotion.

But his conception is too eclectic at this point in his development to warrant quite all the enthusiasm in the notes. He is very much out of a Rollins-Stitt mold (The annotator hears some Lester. I don't, but wish I did, since some lyricism is needed to melt part of Clay's frequent hardness.) What would be valuable is to put Clay into a Niehaus-like setting, and vice versa. Both schools could learn a lot from each other.

Clay, by the way, is better on ballads than many of his contemporaries in his style (viz. *Lover Man* and *Easy Living*). He certainly has forceful potential. (N. H.)

Metronome All-Stars 1956

METRONOME ALL-STARS 1956—Clef 12" LP MG C-743: Billie's Bounce; April in Paris; Every Day I Have the Blues; Party Blues; Basie's Back in Town; Lady Fair.

Personnel: First track: Art Blakey, Charlie Mingus, Billy Taylor, Tal Farlow, Zoot Sims, Eddie Bert, Serge Chaloff, Teddy Charles, Tony Scott, Al Cohn, Lee Konitz, Thad Jones. Tracks two, three, five: Basie big band with Ella Fitzgerald on track two and Ella and Joe Williams on track three. Track four: Joe Newman, Thad Jones, Henry Coker, Frank Wess, Count Basie, Eddie Jones, Freddie Green, Sonny Payne, Elmo Fitzgerald, Joe Williams. Track five: George Wallington.

Rating: ★★

First side is a 21-minute string of solos by the aforesaid. General level of blowing is good, with the unfamiliar rhythm section finding common pulse. There are a lot of kicks, a few valleys, and an over-all feeling that editing would have helped. Ella sings Ralph Burns' reworking of the Wild Bill Davis arrangements of *April* with the Basie band. She does as well as she can, but the arrangement is fundamentally a series of tricks and lacks the cohesion that would provide a good framework for a vocal.

The addition of *Jingle Bells* at the end compounds the childishness of the *Paris* chart. Ella also complements Joe Williams on *Every Day*.

Most fun on the date comes from the scat dialogues between Joe and Ella on *Party Blues* with Basie small combo backing. Ernie Wilkin's *Basie's Back in Town* for the full band is capable but not one of the better numbers in the book. The album closes with a moving, sensitively formed, and impressively individual Wallington piano solo aptly characterized by annotator Bill Coss as "a kind of modern hymn." It's

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have been more creatively produced by
Coss, especially on the first side, con-
sidering the people on hand. (N. H.)

Paul Quinichette

THE KID FROM DENVER—Dawn 12" DLP.
1109: Happy Feeling; Honeysuckle Rose; Big
Deal; The Kid from Denver; Come Rain or
Come Shine; Pardon the Blues, Please; Start
Here; Pennies from Heaven.Personnel: T. Jones, R. Jones, J. Newman,
trumpets; H. Coker, trombone; B. Graham, bar-
itone; N. Pierce, piano; F. Green, guitar; S.
Payne, drums; E. Jones, drums.)

Rating: ★★★★★

Quinichette's best LP, this also is the
best engineered jazz date of the year.
I respectfully suggest that all engineers
who deal in jazz listen to the balance
David Hancock achieved in this album.
For me, in naturalness of presence and
clarity of balance, Hancock cuts most
of his contemporaries.Quinichette remains the vice-pres,
despite what the notes say. He blows
generally well and is at wonderfully
flowing ease on *Honeysuckle*, but he
still is less an individual voice than a
derivative one. What makes the LP
musically, however, is the optimum set-
ting in which he is placed. Behind him
is a large small group from the Basie
band—with Nat Pierce comping in eco-
nomical Basie-fashion. There are Basie-
style, lean, building arrangements by
Manny Albam, Ernie Wilkins, and
Quinichette. Good solos are inserted
by Thad, Joe, Coker and there are
adequate statements by Graham. The
combination is an unforced ball.Rhythm section is fine; and I wonder
why, if Sonny Payne can blow as re-
laxed and tastefully as he does here,
isn't he as consistent with Basie?
There's no flashy rocket drumming on
this date; just good-sounding, inte-
grated time-keeping. The otherwise
competent notes by Gary Kramer fail
to identify the trumpet soloists. Strongly
recommended. And the engineering is
really something we don't get nearly
enough of. (N. H.)

Bill Russo

THE WORLD OF ALCINA—Atlantic 12" LP
1241: *The World of Alcina*; *Under the Green-
wood Tree*; *The First Saturday in May*; *Specu-
lum*; *Bill's Blues*; *L'Affaire Bugs*; *For My Sister*.Personnel for first side: Russo, conductor;
trumpets—J. Howell, A. Mueller, F. Porcino, D.
Gersi, D. Mulholland; trombone—T. Shepard,
P. Crumbaugh, P. Severson, M. McDunn, E. Hoff-
man; horns—P. Farkas, F. Brouk; tuba—D. Hag-
ner; saxophones and woodwinds—R. Kolber, L.
Druss, H. Grimes, V. Price, M. Simpson, G. Jean.
P. Wing, K. Soderblom; E. Baker, piano; M.
Schmidt, bass; E. Backus, guitar; M. Simonetta,
percussion. First three tracks on second side:
Russo, valse trombone; B. Porter, slide trombone;
B. Trujillo and S. Mosse, tenors; Baker, Simonetta,
and I. Crosby, bass, Mosse and Porter are not
on the last three tracks.

Rating: ★★★★★

The first side is devoted entirely
(18:16) to Russo's ballet score, *Alcina*,
in five dances. (The first dance was re-
written for *Down Beat* by Russo for
school orchestra, and the parts can be
found in the Oct. 3 *Up Beat*.) For those
who are concerned as to whether this
can be termed a jazz work, the com-
poser has stated:"The work as a whole is in many
senses a jazz piece—at least it was
written in terms of my background in
jazz."My own view would be that the work
is strongly jazz-influenced, but has to
be judged primarily on its own terms:
"Music for the ballet." There are, in-
cidentally, no improvised solos; but the

"My Fair Lady"

In a new album, the first of its
kind, Shelly Manne & His Friends,
Andre Previn and Leroy Vinnegar
have taken much of the score of the
wonderfully original and entertain-
ing musical hit "My Fair Lady" and
turned it into a wonderfully original
and entertaining jazz album.Andre says, "What we have at-
tempted in this album (C3527
SHELLY MANNE & HIS
FRIENDS, Vol. 2: My Fair
Lady) is unusual insofar as we have
taken most of the score, and not
just 'Gems from . . .', have adapted
it to the needs of the modern jazz
musician and are playing it with
just as much care and love as the
Broadway cast. There has been no
willful distortion of the tunes simply
to be different, or to have a gimmick,
or to provoke the saying 'Where's
the melody?' We are all genuinely
fond of every tune and have the
greatest respect for the wonderful
score in its original form, but we
are paying our own sincere compli-
ments to the show by playing the
score in our own meter."The tunes the Friends chose are
Get Me To The Church On Time,
On The Street Where You Live, *I've*
Grown Accustomed To Her Face,
Wouldn't It Be Lovely, *Ascot*
Gavotte, *Show Me, With A Little*
Bit Of Luck, and *I Could Have*
Danced All Night.As Andre finishes the liner notes,
"This album was a labor of love for
everyone concerned; we had a ball
making it. We hope you have a good
time listening to our low bow in
the direction of the Mark Hellinger
Theatre in New York."

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coloring, rhythmic usages, and orchestral breathing are from jazz, especially after the first dance, which is a delicately evocative one, by the way.

The work is the most successful Russo composition I've heard on record. I feel this despite a personal disinclination for most programmatic works and an experience that indicates that this score can be best judged when seen in conjunction with the dancing for which it was made. Even Stravinsky's ballet works, for example, while of durable, sustained impact on their own, almost invariably take on new and deeper musical meaning when finally heard as danced.

As music, *Aleina* is impressively constructed. Russo handles his materials rather than the reverse; and although there are debatable sections (I say "debatable" tentatively before having seen the ballet), there are no loose ends or careless and/or shallow posturing.

Russo's excellent notes contain a detailed account of each dance in terms of its part in the story and the way it has been constructed. With the aid of those notes, the music grows with emotional logic into the final deliberate irresolution. What the music would mean without the notes, I can no longer say.

In summary: this is not my favorite kind of contemporary music since my tastes tend to the neo-classic or the post-Webern and rarely to this kind of rather naive (to me) expressionist music-drama. But I must rate the score this highly because it succeeds on its own valid terms. (I hope the choreography is up to the music) and because it is wrought with skill, dedication, and imagination.

The work indicates, by the way, in the care of its construction, the cohesiveness of its direction, and the obviously well-rehearsed execution it receives here those three elements that have often been lacking in the more ambitious parts of Stan Kenton's recorded repertoire.

The six tracks on the second side are quite different, with a septet for the first three reduced to a quintet for the final half. The "keyed sound" of the septet results, via the voicings employed, in jazz that is light and flowing but also has fullness and vigor. In the scores by Jerry Mulvihill, Russo, and Eddie Baker, there is also wit and warmth as well as fresh lines and inventive development (changing devices in each track). Russo's notes explain with admirable lucidity exactly what's going on. Good blowing by all; and I've never heard Russo play better and more relaxed jazz horn than on this second side.

I wonder only if whether Mickey Simonetta's drumming could have been lighter and more resilient at several points during these six tracks. Superb engineering by Bill Putnam. The production is another credit line for Nesuhi Ertegun. (N.H.)

Phil Sunkel

PHIL SUNKEL'S JAZZ BAND—ABC-Paramount 12" LP 136: Jack's Theme; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Train Ride; Old Wives' Tales; Every Mornin'; How Strange; The Animal Man; Chomp, Chomp Blues; Joe, the Architect; T. Blues.

Personnel: Phil Sunkel, Al Stewart, Siggy Shatz, trumpets; Gene Hessler, trombone; Dick Meldonian, alto; Buddy Arnold, tenor; Gene Allen, baritone; George Syran, piano; Bob Petersen, bass; Harold Granowsky, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Trumpeter Sunkel leads his tenet through a collection of eight originals and two ballads. The writing, all apparently by Sunkel, is, with two exceptions, rather reminiscent of the west coast school in its tightness, subdued quality, and over-all restraint which makes 10 men sound like fewer.

The two exceptions are *Chomp, Chomp* and *Joe*, in which the band gets a feeling down in Basietown and almost roars. *How Strange*, on which there is an excellent trumpet chorus apparently by Sunkel, also has an effective tenor solo. The number itself is the only one on the LP in which the quality of joy appears. *Polka Dot*, which has a soft, thoughtful trumpet exploration of the melody with swiftly shifting chordal colors behind it, is the best of the remaining sides.

In general, the tempos seem to fall in that undefineable in-between groove which is just not quite right. There is a lack of definition in the entire style, and the subdued pulse makes whatever appeal the LP may have, sotto voce. (R.J.G.)

Billy Taylor

BILLY TAYLOR AT THE LONDON HOUSE—ABC-Paramount 12" LP 134: The London House; It Might as Well Be Spring; Gone with the Wind; Love Is Here to Stay; Midnight Piano; I Cover the Waterfront; Stella by Starlight.

Personnel: Billy Taylor, piano; Percy Brice, drums; Earl May, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

There are times when Billy Taylor seems to me to stand in the same position to the pianists of today as Teddy Wilson has stood to those of his generation—the perfection of taste.

Taylor's impeccable, reflective style, with the hornlike extended phrases weaving up and down within the rightly stretched limits of the harmony, never has been better exemplified than in his two ABC LPs. This one, which was recorded in the London House in Chicago and hence has a few plates and pieces of silver clattering in the background and an occasionally audible customer, may not have quite the same degree of perfection that the first one had, but the same relative level is reached.

On *Spring*, for instance, the exquisite tenderness with which Taylor plays a ballad is perfectly illustrated. The ballad, perhaps, is where Taylor's talent shines to best advantage. *Midnight Piano*, one of the two only originals on the LP, seems to be less a composition than a collection of blues ideas. With the exception of that track, this is a remarkably fine piano album which should find a permanent place in many collections. (R.G.G.)

Cal Tjader

THE CAL TJADER QUINTET—Fantasy 12" LP 3232: I Want to Be Happy; The Nearness of You; A Minor Goo; Pete Kelly's Blues; Undecided; Philadelphia Mambo; Flamingo; Stomping at the Savoy; Laura; Lullaby of Birdland.

Personnel: Cal Tjader, vibes and leader; Manuel Duran, piano; Carlos Duran, bass; Luis Miranda, congas; Bayardo Velarde, timbales.

Rating: ★★

A thoroughly professional, Latin-flavored collection which is limited by the constrictions of instrumentation and tempo. The most exciting number in the set is Tito Puente's *Philadelphia*, in which Tjader's fluid vibes and Duran's strongly rhythmic piano are showcased in a native setting. On the standards — *Stomping*, *Lullaby*, *Un-*

decided, beat sm soloists. Pete Ke somewha is not s Brew because familiar slow an to vary sound.

his FI Coquette; Lisa; Miss Georgia o Person trombone clarinet; bass; Fr Larry Bu

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decided, *Happy* — the Latin American beat smoothers the inventiveness of the soloists. The slower-tempoed *Nearness*, *Pete Kelly*, *Flamingo*, and *Laura* fare somewhat better because the rhythm is not so insistent and overpowering.

Brew Moore's *Goof* comes off largely because it is a simple riff and not a familiar theme. The intermixing of slow and fast tracks doesn't do much to vary the sameness of the over-all sound. (D.C.)

Billy Usseltson

HIS FIRST ALBUM—Kapp 12" LP KL-1051: *Coquette*; *Dinah*; *Tangerine*; *Smokey*; *Margot*; *Lisa*; *Miss Annabelle Lee*; *Delilah*; *Cleone*; *Jill*; *Georgia on My Mind*; *Sweet Sue*.

Personnel: Billy Usseltson, tenor; Bob Burgess, trombone; Paul Moer, piano; Abe Aaron, bass; clarinet; Walter Clark (B) and Mel Pollan (4); bass; Frank Capp (4), Lloyd Morales (4), Larry Bunker (4), drums.

Rating: ★★

Les Brown's band is apparently an incubator for small combo jazz-in-grey-flannel-suits. First came the Dave Pell unit, and now Dave has an even more pallid competitor. Almost all of Usseltson's men are fellow sidemen in the Brown band. All, including the leader, are clearly good musicians and in another context, may even, especially Burgess, be vital jazzmen. But in this mostly watercrass-and-ladyfingers atmosphere, even Basie would be stifled. The arrangements are by Jerry Fielding (3), Paul Moer (4) and Med Flory (5). Each has indicated previously his considerable musical qualifications. Why they choose to write these largely chichi charts I do not understand.

There are, it should be noted, places where the more basic solo emotions break loose, but the arrangements close in all too soon. Admittedly, I have no affinity whatsoever with this "polite jazz." For me it lacks guts; it lacks the revelation of originality; and it lacks real roots. But it would be just fine for the FM networks that service supermarkets. (N. H.)

Julius Wechter

LINEAR SKETCHES—Jazz: West 12" JWL-P-9: *Trousseau*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Love Letters*; *Melancholy Baby*; *Cy's Blues*; *I Remember You*; *I'll Close My Eyes*; *Sissy*.

Personnel: Julius Wechter, vibes; Cy Colley, alto; Jim Bates, bass; Frank Divito, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

The 21-year-old vibist Wechter headed a quartet that won an annual Light-house College Jazz contest while he was majoring in music at Los Angeles City college. Colley was part of the unit and the two have continued to collaborate since. There is no piano, says Wechter, because "we found that a much more liberated feeling can be attained by not being held down to chords. Not that the chords aren't there, but it's a matter of feeling or suggesting them rather than actually hearing them . . . the use of contrapuntal lines and basic chordal notes become a major part of our accompaniment." Bassist Bates and drummer Divito supply a dependable, tasteful background.

The texture of the quartet is light without being brittle. The interplay between Wechter and Colley is flowing and sensitive. Of the two, Wechter is the more forceful soloist. He gives indications of developing into an individualist, and already plays with good time and conception. Colley, who appears to have been somewhat influenced by Paul

Desmond, blows with an above-average feeling for form, and a rather silvery tone that is lyrically attractive. His playing is sometimes too introverted, however, and would benefit from more outspoken funk when the occasion demands. He is, in any case, a young jazzman to watch.

Herb Kimmel of Jazz: West deserves credit for supplying the hall, since the newness of the names will probably mean slim sales. Colley arranged six and Wechter two with two of the pleasant originals by Wechter and one by Colley. (N. H.)

Kai Winding

THE TROMBONE SOUND—Columbia 12" LP CL 936: *Whistle While You Work*; *My Little Girl*; *Blue Room*; *Nutcracker*; *Breslin* along with the *Breeze*; *Jim and Andy's*; *Old School Ties*; *Captain Katchai*; *Every Girl Is My Valentine*; *Under a Blanket of Blue*; *Sunday*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *I Want To Be Happy*.

Personnel: Kai Winding, Wayne Andre, Carl Fontana, Dick Lieb, trombones; Kenny O'Brien, bass; Jack Franklin, drums; Roy Frazee, piano.

Rating: ★★★

Kai Winding's new septet is a skilled, glittering package that features a varied book and a level of instrumental ability, particularly among its four horns, that is undeniably impressive. From a jazz point of view, however, the combo is lacking in naked, extended self-expression and in overall emotional adventurousness. The book is written in slick magazine style. The scores—by Kai, Andre, Al Cohn, Nat Pierce, Bob Brookmeyer, Tommy Talbert, Franklin and Lou Stein—are all precision-drawn and executed cleanly. But these charts represent more a means to help create a series of effects than a need to say something from deep within. And the solos are usually quite short (13 tunes on one 12" jazz LP!) so that no one has a chance to really open up in his own story.

The solos, however, are crisp and inventive within the limits of the space and the material. Rhythm section is steady. In essence, this is more a collective entertaining ensemble geared for dances, theaters, hotel rooms, etc. as well as jazz clubs. As such, it's excellently drilled. But for straight jazz kicks, there's too often too much gloss and too little room for soul-openings. George Avakian's notes identify all the solos. (N. H.)

Other Releases . . .

Two bargains at \$1.98 each are Riverside's *Modern Jazz Sampler* (S-3) and *Dixieland Sampler* (S-1). The former has performances from the catalog by Monk, Mundell Lowe, Marty Bell-Don Elliott, Ernie Henry, Randy Weston-Cecil Payne, Sarah Vaughan (1946), Elliott-Rusty Dedrick, the Weston with rtio, Matthew Gee, Bob Corwin with Elliott, Barbara Lea with Billy Taylor, and Alec Wilder-Lowe.

The Dixieland set includes Sidney Bechet, Joe Sullivan, George Lewis, Dixieland Rhythm Kings, Dick Wellstood, Yank Lawson, Tony Parenti, Wild Bill Davison, Red Onion Jazz Band, Bob Helm, Ralph Sutton, and Lu Watters.

Riverside has also added four numbers to the admirable Elliott-Dedrick *Counterpoint for Six Valves* date to make 12" RLP 12-218. And on Riverside RLP 12-217, there are uneven but



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a second side by Sharky Bonano, also
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Wise, bearded Dick Bock, realizing
that not every record buyer is likely to
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ing further that some record buyers
have to be led gently into jazz, has
conceived a series of imaginative LPs
on various central themes. *Rodgers and
Hart Gems* (JWC-504) has an R&H
songbook with Gerry Mulligan, Kitty
White, Chet Baker, Bud Shank, Jack
Montrose, and Bob Brookmeyer. Several
tracks are available only on this
LP... There's also *Ballads for Back-
grounds* with a most attractive fore-
ground cover and caressing perform-
ances by Laurindo Almeida with Shank,
Mulligan, and Brookmeyer, plus num-
bers by Shank, Baker, Brookmeyer,
John Lewis, a Fred Katz cello solo, and
Bill Perkins. Most of these tracks are
available only in this collection at present.

Prefaced by a Dylan Thomas insight,
there is *The Blues* with Mulligan, Chico
Hamilton, Shank, Lewis, Perkins, Russ
Freeman, and Montrose (JWC-502).
All three volumes are generally well
assembled, and Bock is to be congrat-
ulated on his merchandising imagination.
The same label has taken a previous 10"
LP of Baker vocals (PJLP-11) and
added a vocal date made last July
with Freeman, Jimmy Bon, Larry Mar-
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for you (PJ-1222).

Period has an unusually varied *Jazz
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Maxine Sullivan, the Jones Boys, Josh
White, and two tracks from LPs not yet
released here — the *Birdlanders* with
Oscar Pettiford, Kai Winding, Tal Far-
low, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, and
others. The two different *Birdlanders*
units were cut in 1954 by French pian-
ist Henri Renaud for a French com-
pany... Also on Period, Vol. 1 of a
Django Reinhardt Memorial including
two tracks with Rex Stewart. On most
of the set Hubert Rostaing is heard on
clarinet with the Quintet of the 1947
Hot Club of France. Too bad full per-
sonnel is not provided. There are 15
tracks.

Contemporary has expanded its 1954
Oboe/Flute 10" LP with Bob Cooper,
Shank, Claude Williamson, Howard
Rumsey, and Max Roach. Four new
tracks were cut last September with
Buddy Collette, Sonny Clark, and Stan
Levey joining Rumsey and Cooper. It's
a thoroughly attractive set (C 3520).
And four new numbers makes a 12"
LP of *Barney Kessel, Vol. I*. The more
recent session included Collette, Wil-
liamson, Red Mitchell, and Shelly
Manne. The 10" was C2508. This one is
C3511.

The same procedure has been applied
to elasticize Shelly Manne & His Men,
Volume 1. To 10" C2503 have been
added four numbers by Joe Maini, Bill
Holman, Jimmy Giuffre, Bob Enevold-
sen, Freeman, Ralph Pena, and Manne.
The earlier numbers include Giuffre's
Fugue and Russo's *Gazelle*. The new

Scott Finishes 19-Piece Dance Album For Victor

New York — Tony Scott has com-
pleted a 19-piece, jazz-flavored dance
set for Victor. Arrangements were by
Tony, Nat Pierce, Johnny Carisi, Son-
ny Truitt, and Bill Evans.

Among the personnel at the various
sessions were Jimmy Nottingham, Thad
Jones, Clark Terry, Carisi, Henry
Coker, Benny Powell, Truitt, Quentin
Jackson, Britt Woodman, Sahib Shihab,
Gigi Gryce, Frank Foster, Zoot Sims,
Frank Wess, Danny Bank, Milt Hinton,
Osie Johnson, Evans, Freddie Green,
Paul Motian, and Les Grinage.

12" number is C3507... There are
four new tracks that make Lennie Nie-
haus Vol. 1: *The Quintets* a 12" album.
To C2513 is brought a January, 1956,
session with Niehaus, Stu Williamson,
Hamp Hawes, Red Mitchell, and
Manne.

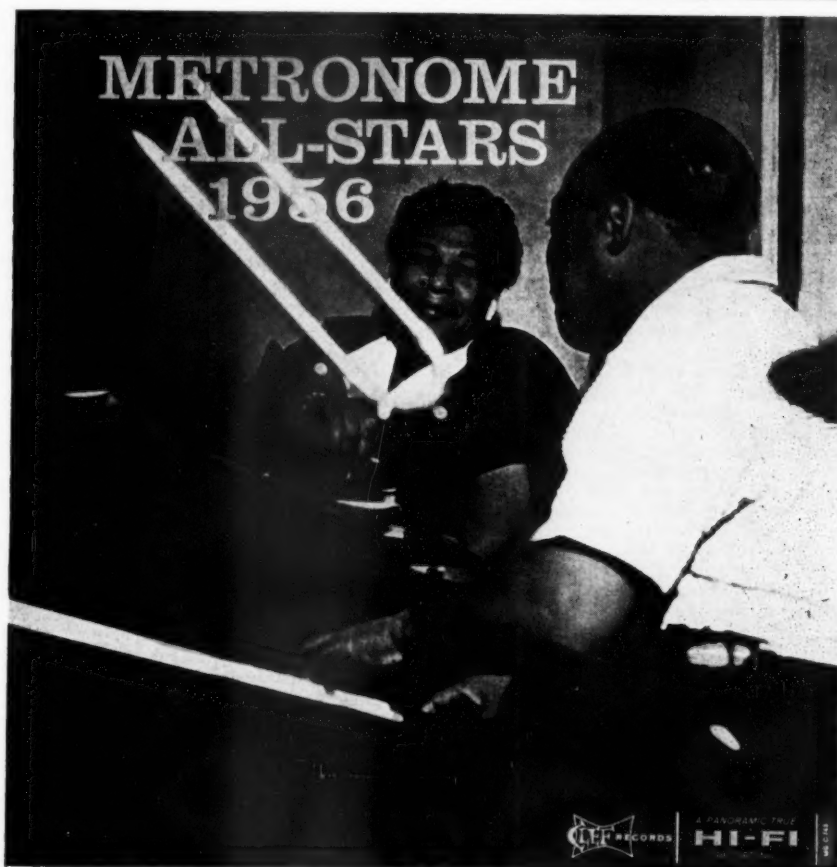
Blue Note is responsible for a par-
ticularly funky collage of *Horace Silver
and the Jazz Messengers* (1518). Two
previous 10" LPs with Kenny Dorham,
Hank Mobley, Silver, Doug Watkins,
and Art Blakey make for one basic ball
with such bacchanals as *The Preacher*,
Doodlin', *Room 608*, and *Creepin' In*.
... Three previous 10" LPs, plus one
alternate master make for two 12" LPs
(Blue Note 1521, 1522) that provide
documentary of a February, 1954,
*Night at Birdland with the Art Blakey
Quintet* that included the late Clifford
Brown, Lou Donaldson, Silver, and
Curly Russell... And finally from
Blue Note comes a collation of 1952-53
sides by the Silver trio with Gene
Ramey, Blakey, Russell, and Percy
Heath, plus two tracks with just Blakey
and Sabu on conga drum. Such titles
as *Opus de Funk*, *Horoscope*, *Ecaroh*
and *Message from Kenya* are included.

If you missed the excellent original
10" *Storyville Pee Wee Russell LP*,
don't overlook a combination of that set
and another in *We're in the Money*
(STLP 909). The Pee Wee date has Vic
Dickenson, Doc Cheatham, Buzzy Droo-
tin, John Field, and George Wein while
the second had Wild Bill Davison on
cornet and Stan Wheeler on bass in
place of Cheatham and Field... *Story-
ville which, by the way, doesn't always
say when it's releasing reissues, has a
Ruby Braff 12" volume (STLP 908)*
excerpted from three earlier 10" sets.
The title is *Hustlin' and Bustlin'*,
and among the sidemen are Dickenson, Jo
Jones, Drootin, Sam Margolis, and Ken
Kersey.

Duologue (Storyville STLP 911)
takes four of the eight tracks on the
10" Ellis Larkins' *Solo Piano LP 316*,
all of *Lee Wiley Singing Rodgers and
Hart* without, alas, the George Frazier
notes. The new Cal Kolbe notes are
fine but goof badly in not specifying
that this is a reissue... *The Women
in Jazz* (Storyville STLP 916) is more
honest, indicating by number which of
the previous albums in the catalog have
been culled for tracks by Miss Wiley,
Mary Lou Williams, Milli Vernon,
Teddi King, Toshiko, and Jackie Cain.
A notable LP, questions of gender
aside... Four sides have been added
to 10" LP 322 by *Jackie and Roy* to
make *Sing; Baby Sing!* (STLP 915)
by that hippest of couples.

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Bill Coss, Metronome



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Serge Chaloff, Tony Scott, Al Cohn, Lee Konitz, Thad Jones and George Wallington.



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high fidelity

By Robert Oakes Jordan

SOME TIME AGO a young man named Richard Hilton wrote me a letter with questions about high fidelity. Some of his comments were so interesting I replied to his letter by asking him for a longer letter I might publish in one of the *Down Beat* columns. I am not sure there is any information that will help the younger readers, but his introduction to hi-fi follows a typical pattern. Those of us who are self-styled, or otherwise - called experts, have not helped fellows like Dick Hilton very much. Here's what he has to say:

Dear Sir:

I am very happy to write you my opinions of hi-fi. I feel that I have been well informed, since there appears to be no lack of authorities in my community.

My first contact with hi-fi was in a store. I was awestruck with shelves of knobs and lights labeled hi-fi. Immediately following the awe, or perhaps even with it, came the desire to own hi-fi equipment of my own. There seems to be two reasons for owning hi-fi equipment: to impress people and to listen to music.

I PURCHASED a small system in kit form for economy's sake. By the time I had finished it I found that the hi-fi world had left me behind. People began saying foreign sounding words like "stereophonic." I was stranded with a turntable and no stroboscope to adjust it.

Then the local "authorities" moved in and asked quantitative questions I couldn't answer if I added several vacuum tubes to my brain circuit.

After discovering the existence of the "experts," I was disgusted by coming upon the it-is-sacred-do-not-touch policy of many so called music lovers. This policy included rituals of record purification and minute knob adjustments by the owner that makes a micrometer's exactness look silly.

I found that the best of the high fidelity circle can be found at carnival-like affairs called audio fairs or sound conventions. Here one can see the cream of the "authority" group. The air is tense as every little defect—even non-existent ones — is triumphantly discovered. Companies are judged and condemned on the spot.

IT SEEMS TO ME that hi-fi can be a much more valuable asset if it is confined to a suitable place. It is sad that so much emphasis is placed on the machinery and so little on the end product. I often wonder how people can center their lives, like they do their furniture, around this expensive hobby.

To me the ideal home system would consist of a tuner, a turntable, a tape recorder, an amplifier, and speaker circuit in the price range easily afforded by the individual enthusiast.

An attractive localized sound source in every major gathering place of the home would give the home handyman a great chance to display his work.

It appears to me that price of equipment is thought of as a major factor when examining someone's equipment.

I feel that although to a certain extent price is indicative of the equipment quality, it should not be regarded as more important than that person's musical needs.

I have emphasized my feeling of the relative significance of price to the negative thus far; however I do wish to say that the 'certain extent' just mentioned above refers to the realm of thrown together gadgets labeled provocatively "hi-fi." It seems to me that a system can't be extreme in either direction. To sum up my opinion, I feel that we should emphasize music, the product, rather than hi-fi, the machine.

Richard Hilton

the devil's advocate

By Mason Sargent

The Child Ballads: Riverside has heralded its huge new package of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (nine 12" LPs in five volumes with unusually extensive notes, complete texts, a glossary, and bibliography) as "the most important recordings ever produced in the field of folk song and balladry." I think they're right.

Here are 72 ballads from the key collection of Francis James Child, most never previously recorded. The editor is Kenneth S. Goldstein, who is responsible for most of Riverside's largely excellent folk catalog. The two singers are the able British balladmen, Ewan MacColl and A. Lloyd, who sing without instrumental accompaniment in a traditional style. The ninth record comprises 10 important ballads not included by Child. The complete set, produced in association with the Folklore Press, is \$45, a sizable investment but an essential collection for anyone interested in the field.

Another large package, though not as expensive, is *Music of the Bach Family: An Anthology* (four 12" LPs, Boston Records, BUA-1, part of the Boston University Anthology of Recorded Music, \$21.02). This is a complete recording of Karl Geiringer's *Music of the Bach Family*, published last year by Harvard University Press. As Geiringer notes:

"The 27 works by 14 different composers assembled . . . are here recorded for the first time; indeed, most of them were, until 1955, not available in any modern edition."

The expert, sensitive performances are by Richard Burgin conducting the Zimber Sinfonietta with several instrumental soloists from the Boston Symphony orchestra and the Chorus of Boston University. Among the vocal soloists are David Lloyd and McHenry Boatright. There are detailed notes and texts. The music, dating from around 1650 to 1800 is delightful, and newly illuminative of a remarkably fertile period in western music and the accomplishments of a remarkable family. The set is thoroughly recommended.



A new label that deserves support is Tradition Recordings, Box 72, Village Station, New York City 14. Their initial releases, edited by the omnivorous musical folklorist Kenneth Goldstein, include *Hillel and Aviva Sing Songs of Israel and Many Lands* (1002); *Ed McCurdy: A Ballad Singer's Choice* (1003); *Paul Clayton Sings Whaling and Sailing Songs from the Days of Moby Dick* (1005); *The Rising of the Moon: Irish Songs of Rebellion Sung by Tommy Maken, Liam Clancy, Patrick Clancy, Tom Clancy* (1006); *Odetta Sings Ballads and Blues* (1010), and *El Nino de Ronda Sings the Real Flamenco* (1008), the last recorded in Spain. Unfortunately I don't have the space I'd like to comment in detail, but I'd recommend investigating all of these and getting on Tradition's mailing list.

I'm delighted to find that my favorite flamenco "jam session" LP has been expanded to 12" *Fiesta Flamenca: Carlos Montoya and His Spanish Dancers in Motion: Nino de Almaden Sings Flamenco in the Old Form* (Cook 10271). Also invaluable in this idiom on Cook is *Montoya: Patterns in Flamenco* (Cook 10289). For particularly plangent kicks, don't miss *Plaza de Toros: La Fiesta Brava, Vol. 2*, music of the bull ring with the "Banda Taurina" of the Plaza Mexico, brilliantly engineered, and copiously documented. There are four full-page illustrations in color (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1817) . . . It's kicks comparing the Mexican bull fight music with *Sunday in Spain: 88 Musicians of Banda Municipal de Madrid* with notes by Barnaby Conrad. Sound is good (Capitol TAO 10022) . . . To round out this Spanish checklist, there is the intriguing, fiery Pilar Lopez, her dancers, and the Spanish Symphony orchestra in Albeniz' *Six Spanish Dances* and also Tejera's *Andalucia Dances* (Capitol P18020), recorded in Barcelona.

Grace and Force: A chamber music recording of particular importance is the performance by the Janacek Quartet of Czechoslovakia of Janacek's Quartet No. 2 (*Intime Briefe*) with Mozart's *String Quartet in G Major* on the reverse. Janacek is slowly being recognized as one of the most emotionally penetrating writers of the century (Decca DL 9851) . . . And the beautifully integrated Quartetto Italiano, which often gives the impression of collective improvisation, ought to be heard in its new recording of Mozart's *G Major and D Minor String Quartets* (Angel 35063) . . . Titled *Light Music*, there is a wholly charming collection on Unicorn of pieces by Sibelius, Grieg, Ole Bull, Agrell, Arne, and Handel, flawlessly realized by Boyd Neel conducting his own orchestra (Unicorn LP 1038).

Opera: Barnes & Noble has published a \$1.65, soft-cover *Introduction to Opera: A Guidebook Sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild*. Forty operas are discussed, by 10 authorities, with plot summaries and an annotated list of recordings. . . For recent opera on records, there is an exuberant, beautifully recorded new interpretation of Verdi's *Falstaff* with Hebert Von Karajan directing and a cast that includes Tito Gobbi, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nan Merriman, and Fedora Barbieri. A handsome booklet with complete text and translation is included (Angel 3552 C/L).



the blindfold test

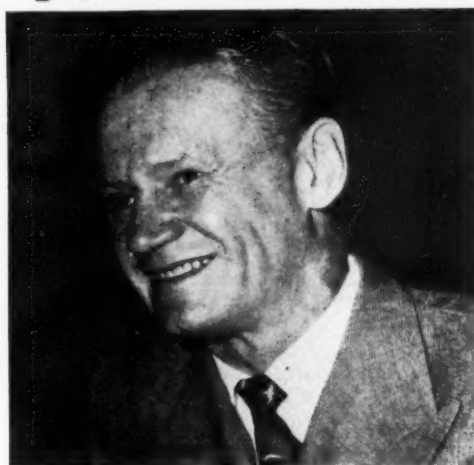
Bands For Sammy

What is the current state of the dance band business?

This is a question that has been kicked around for years in the trade and music press, with countless articles predicting ups and downs. Curiously, nobody ever predicts that things will stay the same; inevitably, they are convinced, the situation will get either better or worse.

As a likely subject for an inspection tour of the current dance band scene, Sammy Kaye, who had come unscathed through a previous encounter with a blindfold, seemed like a logical prospect. Kaye, whose band first hit New York in 1938 at the Commodore hotel, has been one of the few perennials on the dance band scene who never had to worry about disbanding and who remained relatively unharmed by wars, strikes, depressions, acts of God and other miseries that befall most bandleading humans.

For the present test, I selected a number of items representing various dance band styles, past and present. Sammy was given no information, before or during the test, about the records played.



The Records

1. Buddy Bregman. *Hit and Run* (Victor)

I'd give that about three stars. There's some fine solo work in it. I don't know whether you'd say the soprano saxes were off-center, but they are a difficult instrument to play. It seemed to me they go a little flat on top.

The rhythm section was good—very clean, but it never reached a peak so far as performance is concerned. They went back to the original theme with the soprano saxes but never embellished it to anything exciting. The piano work was good.

2. Ray Anthony. *Big Band Boogie* (Capitol)

Give that four stars! I think it had some wonderful instrumental work in there—was it a colored band? It was a very good brass section. It certainly is of the dance era—has that feel of Roseland ballroom. There are some good jazzmen there . . . a nice riff was utilized, and it built nicely at the end where they embellished over the riff. The choruses were good—particularly the trumpet. I don't know who it was. The piano and bass were nice.

3. Woody Herman. *Dream* (Capitol)

I'll give that four stars. I think it is excellently played, and the arrangement is terrific for that particular style of playing. I can't think of the name of the song, but I know it well. Don't know who the band is, but the leader must be the clarinet player. The arrangement was extremely well written and well executed.

The clarinet work was very good, and the thing in the middle with the trumpets was good, where there was a build from one trumpet to two with a hold.

4. Wild Bill Davison. *If I Had You* (Columbia)

I think it was Louis Armstrong. I don't think anyone else could imitate him. I'll give it four stars, only because I'm completely devoted to Louis and have been all my life. He's the one guy whose albums I have and love to play over and over.

He plays some wonderful things on

this record, but the arrangement was uninspired, the backgrounds mediocre and did nothing to embellish his work. The string backing can be good for things like this; it is well shown in Gleason's work—much better than here. With the great work Louis can do, it's too bad it wasn't a better arrangement.

5. Stan Kenton. *Spring Is Here* (Capitol)

Sounded like Kenton to me. I'll give it four stars for arrangement and execution and one star so far as personal taste is concerned. I don't go for that extreme type of music.

6. Harry James. *April in Paris*. (Capitol)

I can't tell who it is. I'll give it two stars. It's one of the poorer arrangements I've heard this afternoon. It's well played as far as the band is concerned, with what they have to work with. This interpretation did nothing—just went along for its 2½ minutes and didn't help the tune at all. Give it 1½ stars.

7. Claude Thornhill. *Where or When* (Camden)

Sounds like the old Thornhill band, and I think Claude is a wonderful pianist. It's in the style of the old arrangements he used to have, but I don't know if it's an old record. I'll give it three stars for being nicely done. The clarinet with the bass is a very nice effect. It's a perfect setting for a room like the Roosevelt or Commodore.

8. Red Prysock. *The Fox* (Wing).

I give this two-plus, only because there's no arrangement or band. The tenor man is wonderful, and he's all the way through it. He played some nice things, but as far as arrangements are concerned, it seemed like the band came in, worked up a riff, and away they went. Was this Sam the Man?

I've made the statement that I'm for rock 'n' roll because I'm for anything that stimulates dancing. I'd rather see the swing and beat done in the Count Basie and Benny Goodman style than rock 'n' roll per se, but it does make people want to dance. In this, the rhythm was so loud that it overshadowed everything. Out of this may

come back the fine jazz we used to have in the '30s.

9. Billy May. *Mad About the Boy* (Capitol)

I must give five stars to this! I think this is one of the finest arrangements I've heard this afternoon—it's perfect. The musicianship is excellent, it's well rehearsed and played so clean. The tenor and piano were good—the little figures the pianist played underneath the arrangements which weren't his solos were very tasty. I think it's Billy May.

10. Benny Goodman. *Sometimes I'm Happy* (Decca)

Well, this is the most complicated one I've heard. It started off like Ray Pearl, and I thought it would be the most uninspired thing. They went through the whole first chorus with trumpets and then a trumpet solo in the second chorus, and that's something we always avoid doing.

But then, the whole thing sparked beautifully. The saxophone chorus was a lovely, delicate thing; the ensemble and clarinet were nice. I don't know who it was. It seemed so mediocre when it started, but the arrangement developed into something lovely. Could it be Artie Shaw? It started off with no stars and ended up with three.

Afterthoughts

At this moment there's more interest in dancing than there has been for five or six years. I know this from first hand information from the tours we've taken. The kids appreciate dancing—especially in the middle west. They come to dances and don't get off the floor. I think this will bring back the quality of the bands as well as the quantity.

We need the excitement of bands like in the '30s when every six months an Artie Shaw would come along, or a Harry James. These bands like Charlie Spivak and Claude Thornhill all were coming up to create new excitement and new interest. At Columbia, we're doing more dance albums than we have for a long time.

In talking to the proprietors of big record shops, we hear that dance music is what people want.

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- 1947** - 5 of the TOP Ten winners play Gretsch Broadcasters
- 1948** - Another banner year! 5 of TOP Ten in *Metronome's* poll... 7 in *Down Beat's*.
- 1949** - Gretsch team wins again. 5 and 6 of TOP Ten in *Down Beat* and *Metronome* respectively.
- 1950** - Of the TOP Ten winners in both polls - 6 played Gretsch Broadcasters.
- 1951** - 7 TOP Ten winners in *Metronome*. 6 in *Down Beat*.
- 1952** - You voted Gretsch drummers 1st, 2nd and 3rd in *Metronome* poll - 5 of TOP Ten in *Down Beat*.
- 1953** - Broadcaster team repeats outstanding '52 success!
- 1954** - Gretsch topped both polls - led the runner-up parade.
- 1955** - Another landslide! 6 of TOP Ten, including 1st and 2nd, played Gretsch Broadcasters.
- 1956** - Still winning! Broadcasters overwhelmingly voted favorite in both polls.

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strictly ad lib

(Jumped from Page 8)

Door. Dot, which cut Lowe's Green Door single, also has an album, called **Songs They Sing Behind the Green Door.** The affair has gone to court . . . Country and western music was responsible for some 50,000,000 record sales in 1956. An estimated 40 per cent of the record market was in that field, and that ain't hay . . . George Shearing's final MGM album will be called **Cool Canaries**, and will feature the Shearing quintet with vocalists Teddi King, Billy Eckstine, and the Ray Charles Singers . . . Decca signed Richard Hayes, Toni Arden, and Kay Armen . . . Frances Wayne cut an album for ABC-Paramount . . . The Weavers are set to record an LP for Vanguard . . . Unique Records, RKO subsidiary, expects to release 100 LPs during 1957. High on the list will be movie soundtracks dating from the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers era . . . Eddie Ames, lead voice in the Ames Brothers, is cutting solo singles for RCA Victor.

RADIO-TV: Bing Crosby's contracts with CBS ran out at the end of the year, and the Groaner was reported dickering with ABC and NBC . . . Billy May's orchestra, directed by Sam Donahue, and the Richard Maltby band, with Eddy Arnold as guest vocalist, hold down NBC Bandstand for a week starting Jan. 7. Vincent Lopez and Les Elgart, joined by Dick Haymes, follow for a week on the 14th. Buddy Morrow and the Glenn Miller/Ray McKinley band join Haymes for a week starting Jan. 21 . . . Private Gary Crosby, on the staff of the Armed Forces network, has new shows on which he sings with backing by a German trio, the Walter Pons group . . . Composer-conductor Walter Schumann was advised by his doctors to leave the Tennessee Ernie Ford show because of a respiratory ailment, and the rigors of rehearsal and composition . . . Ratings show Steve Allen's Sunday show is holding stronger than previous NBC-TV entries pitted against Ed Sullivan . . . Tonight, the Steve Allen-Ernie Kovacs late catch-all, will become a sounding board for news and entertainment coverage by five columnists on Jan. 28. No principals set yet . . . Ray Anthony was signed for another 13 weeks on his TV show.

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: Down Beat poll winner Dizzy Gillespie and band are ruling the Blue Note with the same authority they ruled the hearts of listeners in the middle east. Diz and crew will reign until Jan. 20, paving the way for the arrival of the Oscar Peterson trio and the Rolf Kuhn quartet on Jan. 23. Shorty Rogers brings west coast shadings to the Note on Feb. 6 . . . Barbara Carroll brings her trio to the London House this month for a four-week stay. The Billy Taylor trio follows her on Feb. 6 . . . Mister Kelly's features vocalists Georgia Carr and Hamish Menzies this month. The illustrious Anita O'Day opens at Kelly's on Jan. 30, staying until Feb. 26. Matt Dennis brings his always fresh songs

and style to Kelly's Feb. 25 for two weeks. Billie Holiday will be coming in for two weeks on March 11 . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet is at the Preview's Modern Jazz room, appropriately enough . . . Pianist Max Miller and bassist Sy Nelson moved to Howard Badgley's Easy Street, at State and Elm, for a Monday-Tuesday gig.

ADDED NOTES: Roberta Sherwood singer, and Myron Cohen, garment industry tycoon turned comedian, are at the Chez Paree, following the organized bedlam of Jerry Lewis. Liberator strolls to the Chez on Jan. 30 and will reside at the piano there until Feb. 25, the day before Sammy Davis Jr. comes to town . . . Currently at the Black Orchid are comedian Larry Storch, jazz-influenced newcomer Johnny Mathis, and Chicago songstress Lurlean Hunter. They're slated to rule until Feb. 14, when comic Jimmy Ames, the Mellow-larks, and a third attraction to be named arrive.

Hollywood

THE JAZZ BEAT: Shorty Rogers is now a music publisher. His new firm, Margin Music Co., is headquartered here . . . Bud Shank, still at the Haig, is booked for a month in Germany in the course of his upcoming European tour . . . Cannonball, when guesting on top-rated ABC-TV Stars of Jazz show, gave emcee Bobby Troup the following answer when Troup asked for the altolist's opinion of "west coast" jazz: "I think it's a figment of the imagination of the record companies."

NITESCENE: Miles Davis quintet is back for its second annual coast visit at Jazz City. Last year he broke records at the spot . . . Phineas Newborn preceded George Shearing into the Peacock Lane at Hollywood and Western. Shearing joins Newborn the 17th, making it a double keyboard attraction . . . 1957 will mark Howard Rumsey's eighth year with his All-Stars at the Hermosa Beach Lighthouse . . . Next door to the Lighthouse, at the Hermosa Inn, there's plenty happening in the Dixie vein from Tom Riley's Saints . . . Jack Millman, whose sextet holds down weekends at The Topper club, says he's got a real jazz find in vibist Dave Pike . . . Another of the swinging weekend clubs with a top flight jazz policy, Tim Musselman's Rendezvous, finds Buddy Collette's stint a very happy one.

Tenor man Bill Perkins subbed for Bob Drasnin with the Red Norvo quintet Christmas Eve at Zucca's Cottage. Same night Ben Webster was guest artist . . . Tuesday (off night) session policy at The Haig is proving to be a winner in customer appeal . . . Jack Tucker brought in Stan Getz to join the Hampton Hawes trio at the Tiffany in mid-December . . . The Calvin Jackson quartet went into Ben Pollack's on the Strip . . . A socko New Year's Eve team of Dave Brubeck quartet and the Les Brown band at the Hollywood Palladium.

SUPPER SPOTTINGS: One of the best and funniest acts in a long time hit the Statler Terrace room in the person of Morey Amsterdam Dec. 20 . . . The Beverly Hilton's celestial Star on the Roof room is scintillating with Three Dons and Diane, a very polished

group . . . back in to Inglewood. **WAXED** Frances F. Mercury. J. arrange and first Merc

Virgil G. weekends a and then o Car four r the group Downs, tru Clyde Poun and Bob F they begin noon conce ater . . . E both cut so December. Eddie D Johnny M Reilly on Hideaway trio, with the Rende folded in Workshop Murphy le Alaska pla nel is sing Eartha K room next

A stude Frenier, a show Jazz tion of re sculpture, luminating co-host, Jo Records w accordioni The Celler their sever land band North Q Dwellers' worked S Wild Bill another w Richard B Gerry Mul Bailey, an ing the q Sahl carr at Storyv ing audier mas week Elliott, an

Miami's adopted s peared—a Talent S Goldie's l that week Now Gol Empress come sum a certain Bucky G to larger corner fr added th tet, Dav cameras

group . . . The Joyce Collins trio is back in town at the Buggy Whip in Inglewood.

WAXED NOTES: Strong report that Frances Faye will ankle Betlehem for Mercury. Johnny Mandel scheduled to arrange and conduct a couple of her first Merc sessions.

—tynan

San Francisco

Virgil Gonzalves' sextet played three weekends at the Black Hawk last month and then opened Jan. 11 at the Cable Car four nights a week. Personnel of the group is Gonzalves, baritone; Mike Downs, trumpet; Danny Pateras, tenor; Clyde Pound, piano; Jerry Goode, bass, and Bob Fuhlrodt, drums. On Jan. 26, they begin a series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the New Fillmore theater . . . Earl Hines and Vince Guaraldi both cut solo piano LPs for Fantasy in December.

Eddie Duran, with a trio including Johnny Marabuta on piano and Dean Reilly on bass, is at the University Hideaway while the Dick Saltzman trio, with Bob Skinner on piano, is at the Rendezvous . . . Two jazz clubs folded in December. They were Jazz Workshop and Storyville . . . Turk Murphy left Dec. 27 for a month in Alaska playing army camps. Ree Brunel is singing at Ann's 440 club . . . Eartha Kitt signed for the Venetian room next spring.

—ralph j. gleason

Boston

A student of African culture, Dick Frenier, appeared on the WGBH-TV show *Jazz* with portions of his collection of recorded tribal music, native sculpture, and photographs for an illuminating interview with the show's co-host, John McLellan . . . Storyville Records will release an LP featuring accordionist Leon Sash in January . . . The Celler Dwellers soon will celebrate their seventh consecutive year as Dixieland band-in-residence at Elsie's on North Quincy's seaside strip. The Dwellers' clarinetist, Stan Montero, worked Storyville for a week with Wild Bill Davison and Vic Dickenson, another with Johnny Windhurst . . . Richard Bock of Pacific Jazz recorded Gerry Mulligan, Bob Brockmeyer, Dave Bailey, and Bill Crow at Storyville during the quartet's stop here . . . Mort Sahl carries on his manic marathon at Storyville with a constantly growing audience. The club's spirited Christmas week package includes Mort, Don Elliott, and Teddi King.

—cal kolbe

Miami

Miami's proud these days of her adopted son, Goldie Goldfield, who appeared—and won—on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts Dec. 3. As a result, Goldie's happy trumpet was heard all that week on Godfrey's morning show. Now Goldie's with the band at the Empress hotel for the season, and come summer he'll bring his group into a certain plush Las Vegas spot . . . Bucky Gray's Rocking MB has moved to larger quarters (right around the corner from Joe Mooney's Grate) and added the popular Herbie Fields sextet. Dave Garraway brought in his cameras on Dec. 14, and gave his To-

day audience a sample of the Fields brand of funk . . . The Rancher lounge now boasts the Tune-Toppers, plus old piano standby Remarkable Rubin . . . New jazz policy at the Mermaid Lounge with Frank Hubbell on trumpet.

The scene at the Sir John is swinging, as usual, with pianist Rudy Ferguson holding down the stand, and various assorted young men with horns who keep dropping in . . . First Chris Connor and then Billie Holiday shared the bill with the Australian Jazz Quintet at the Bell and Chain in early December, after which Chet Baker took over . . . Everyone's gassed by the new Bill Bradley octet, which made its debut at a Jazz Association of Miami meeting. The octet, composed of some of the best blowers in the area, is planning a series of concerts at the University of Miami, and two major companies may record them in the near future. Arrangements are by the octet's trombonist, Lonnie Norman, late of Washington's "THE" Orchestra.

—june garrett

Montreal

The 1957 *Jazz at Its Best Yearbook*, now available to listeners of that Saturday CBC feature here, boasts double the number of pages in last year's issue . . . Lord Lance's calypso trio played the El Morocco. Maury Kaye and the Escorts are the two house bands there. Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Mel Torme, Carmen Cavallaro, and Al Hibbler are all booked there during the coming weeks. Jerry Vale and the Tune-Up Boys followed Lord Lance, along with Pania Velia, Miss Yugoslavia of 1955. The club's plan to donate three days' receipts to Hungarian relief before Christmas fell through when agreement couldn't be reached on fees to be paid special Hungarian acts slated for inclusion on the bill.

—henry f. whiston

Toronto

Sam Berger of the Town Tavern, back after a long illness, recently hosted Jutta Hipp and Don Elliott. Bill Harris and Oscar Peterson are scheduled for January . . . Robert Goulet, television and stage song-and-dance man, signed a 20th Century movie contract . . . Phil MacKellar, Toronto's top jazz promoter, has a concert with the Ted Heath band and June Christy coming up in February . . . For their work on the Jackie Rae TV show, the Grads won the Liberty award as the best vocal group hereabouts . . . The Colonial lists Gene Krupa and Buddy DeFranco for the near future.

—roger feather

Tyree Signs 10-Year Pact With Embers, Plans 6 LPs

New York—Tyree Glenn has signed a 10-year contract with the Embers that guarantees him 220 weeks of work during the decade. He also will cut at least six albums during that time, probably for the Rama label in which Morris Levy has an interest. Currently with Tyree, who doubles on trombone and vibes, are Jo Jones, Tommy Potter, and Dick Katz.

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perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

THERE WAS a time when jazz was exclusively a music of love, of joy—sadness, too—of glory and of rejuvenation.

But not of hate.



Jazz is still a music like this today, but considerably less of the time. Some of the most glorious of its practitioners have been frightened into becoming a sort of musical variety act. Others, whether they like it or not, are really doing little more than Lawrence Welk

—just grinding it out, manufacturing "emotion" and "art" at so much per hour.

Still others are playing what they are playing, not for the only valid reason there is—this is the way they must play it—but for the worst of all possible reasons, to show some one else up or to exorcize their evil spirits.

WE HAVE REACHED, in some categories, a gimmick age in jazz. The only way to be original is to be yourself, but in order to establish individuality, too many are merely contriving an effect which is different. And they wonder why their music has no content.

We hear much about "soul" in jazz. If "soul" is anything, it is honesty and truth in emotion and how can you have this when you sit down and consciously strive for effect like an advertising agency copywriter selling the new look in autos, newer, lower, wider, longer, ad nauseum?

It is a rare artist who springs up full blown with an individual style. Most styles are developed by a long process which, at first, inevitably involves imitation of an idol just as children, developing their personalities, invariably copy the adult. But when imitation is carried on to where it becomes an end in itself, then where are you? The better you become the more you are merely a shadow of someone else. What price soul here?

THERE ARE at least two (mostly more) sides to every question, and if the jazz musician continues to take the cynical, "success can be bought; everything is a hype" attitude towards life, it will invariably be reflected in his art. In fact it is already reflected in his art. That is why a good portion of the jazz on records released each month is shallow, superficial, ugly, and inartistic.

Lester Young was himself when all pressures were on him to be something else. The way he chose to go was the way everyone else chose, eventually. The same is true of Charlie Parker, of everyone, in fact, who has actually contributed anything worthwhile to jazz. You can't play jazz without swinging, but it isn't enough to swing.

No, you have to have a lot more than that. You have to have taste, for one thing, and it's hard to develop taste when you are playing with a heart and mind full of hate, envy, and vengeance.

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

WELL, I CERTAINLY started a fine little rhubarb with that column in the Nov. 28 issue concerning songs with similar melodies but different titles and composer credits.

Nobody seems to have solved the mystery of *The Bright One*, alias *The Theme*, alias *The Boot*. Several readers pointed out that a couple of other versions came up around the same time, one called *Flash Gordon* played by Joe Gordon on EmArcy and one titled *Miles' Theme* by Miles Davis on Prestige; but until evidence to the contrary arrives we shall have to assume that the riff, did, after all, have its origin in the Gillespie *One Bass Hit*.

William J. Plummer of Los Alamos, N. M., points out another curious mix-up. A selection entitled *Teapot*, on a Debut LP entitled *Introducing Paul Bley*, is credited to Bley as composer. It turns out to be identical with *Walk-in*, which on a Tal Farlow LP is credited to Ammons (presumably Gene) and on the Hamp Hawes treatment in the *Lighthouse at Laguna* LP on Contemporary is listed as the work of Richard Carpenter! To reduce this confusion to utter chaos I'll add that I had associated it with Miles Davis, who made his own version on Prestige.

A MR. RALPH GLEASON of Berkeley, Calif. (who he?) points out the case of the Ellington-Strayhorn *Happy Go Lucky Local*, which became Jimmy Forrest's *Night Train*, along with several other instances of blues that seem to go back farther than any of us care to remember. He also raises a few points about plagiarism: "When a guy cops an arrangement, or a theme, he's wrong. When he takes a solo from Pres and rewrites it, or expands it, maybe it should say: *Improvisations on a Theme by Lester Young*; but it doesn't strike me as open plagiarism. What about those guys who have been expanding Armstrong phrases and Bird phrases into tunes for years? And what about writing an original on the chords of a standard? There is no clear line, is there?"

Frankly, Ralph, the question of plagiarism hadn't bothered me in this situation. I'm sure that the writer, in most cases, thought the particular riff or melody in question must be in the public domain; or in some instances a riff may have been buried back in his subconscious and he thought he was putting down something of his own. (This phenomenon I know all too well—it's happened to me, too.)

Honorable mention for research beyond the call of duty must be accorded at this point to William S. Ritchie, the principal of Lynwood Heights public school in Agincourt, Ont. Mr. Ritchie, who must surely be the hippest high school principal in all of Canada and possibly the North American continent, presented me with a numbing array of cases involving everything from 35-year-old King Oliver records to cases involving Bird and Miles.

IF EVEN HALF his case histories are valid one can only conclude that in jazz, originality is an impossibility.

Write a "new" riff for a record date and before you can say *Oop Bop Sh'Bam* Mr. Ritchie will tell you whence you derived it.

Afterthought: did you ever listen to Duke's *Honeysuckle Rose* in the Ellington '55 LP on Capitol? Uses a whole chorus of Bird's *Scrapple from the Apple*. But the latter was originally founded on the chord sequence of the former, so wouldn't you say this is a kind of poetic justice?

counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

Notes Between Sets: Do not miss Lester Velie's article on the American Federation of Musicians in the December *Reader's Digest*. Even though the issue is off the stands, it's not hard to get back copies. The title is *The Union That Fights Its Workers*, and the exposition should especially be read by AFM members. The article is not likely to amuse J. C. Petrillo.



Francis Newton, the admirable, unhurried critic of the *New Statesman and*

Nation, had this accurate, one-sentence summary recently: "Lionel Hampton, whose superb talents and peculiar insensitiveness to bad taste are as notorious in jazz as those of the late Mr. John McCormack were in classical singing." I might add that Hampton's relentlessly successful attempts to turn his band and himself into music bludgeons have done jazz more harm in Europe than could conceivably be imagined from this end.

ADD NEW REGULAR writers on jazz in the daily press: George Laine, conductor of *The Jazz Lab* in the Pasadena *Independent*. The Boston situation is unprecedentedly active. George Wein now writes a Sunday jazz column for the *Herald* while the Rev. Norman O'Connor is in charge of a Sunday column for the *Globe* and also reviews concerts and significant club appearances during the week. . . . Newest jazz magazine overseas is the monthly *Keynote* edited by Louis Brunton at 50 St. Mary's Row, Birmingham 13, England. . . . So how come an a&r man at a major label is still one of the record reviewers for *Hi-Fi Music at Home*? . . . I am collecting material for another series of modern morality fables of the music business. I would greatly appreciate any additions to these latter-day Grimm tales, and musicians who write or call me at the New York office are promised they will not be revealed as sources.

Paul Oliver, columnist for the London magazine, *Music Mirror*, is writing a book on blues. He would like help from collectors throughout the world. "I particularly want," Oliver specifies, "written transcriptions of songs and blues which have definite significance of content, and, of course, I would fully acknowledge all help received when it

gets in to print. . . . I am most urgently in need of biographical details of singers." Oliver is at 31a, Goring Way, Greenford, Middlesex, England.

I'm also working on a blues book, but what I need most are just transcriptions of particularly penetrating blues lyrics; the label and number of the record they're on, and the name of the singer. Like Oliver, I would appreciate any help and will, of course, give full credit lines in the book. I can be reached at *Down Beat*, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City 17.

Jazz-Statistics, a monthly discographical bulletin, available in this country from Max Hauser, 68-07 Clyde St., Forest Hills 75, N. Y., discloses in its November issue that Clifford Brown made four sides in 1952 with Chris Powell on Okeh. Osie Johnson was on drums, and the titles are *Ida Red* (a trumpet solo), *I Come from Jamaica*, *Blue Boy*, and *Darn That Dream*. . . . And an important article in *Record Research* (131 Hart St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.) by Ernest R. Smith announces the finding at the New Gardens taxi dance hall (New York?) of several veteran jazzmen. Among them are Eddie Allen who recorded with Clarence Williams Washboard Five and King Oliver; altoist Rudy Powell, who played with Waller, Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and many others, and drummer Floyd Casey, the washboarder on several Clarence Williams' dates. It is shameful the way so many of the early jazzmen—and even later swing era musicians—are allowed to slip into oblivion. In no other art do so few care about so many of the old.

THOROUGHLY recommended: A *Pictorial History of the Negro in America* (Crown, \$5.95, 316 pp., indexed) by Langston Hughes and Milton Meltzer. It's a continually intriguing and revealing book about aspects of American history still much understudied in our high schools and even colleges. . . . Ray Draper, a 16-year-old New Yorker, blows the hottest modern jazz tuba I've yet heard. He laments, however, the scarcity of modern jazz scores that include tuba and of those that do, says Draper, "a lot of cats that write for tuba go so far out that they lose the wailing essence of jazz altogether." You may have a chance to hear Draper and his band soon on an Elektra LP. I wonder if we'll ever have an irrepressible idiomatic modern jazz banjoist and really come full circle—except perhaps for washboard.

When is one of the jazz a&r man going to record Rex Stewart and Pee Wee Russell in optimum settings? Both continue to have a lot to say, but they receive almost no space on records. Also trumpeter Joe Thomas. . . . Norman Granz, whose record in this regard is far, far better than any of his contemporaries, recently performed another service for us and for listeners later. He has commissioned altoist Pete Brown to assemble musicians of his choice and cut an LP. . . . An English correspondent suggests strongly that an LP of Leo Watson reissues be instituted. I agree. Who has the Black and Whites of Leo with Teddy Bunn and the Spirits of Rhythm? Leo was one of the most unpredictable, inspired, stream-of-hot-consciousness scat singers in jazz history.



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barry ulanov

By Barry Ulanov

IT'S NOT JUST Presley. That's bad enough, but familiar enough, too. There always have been incredible crazes, appalling fashions, monstrous displays of bad taste in the United States—or at least there have been, unfailingly, for the last 30 or 40 years.

Everything of this kind has afflicted us: Florida real estate booms with their accompanying architectural horrors, pseudo-Italian waterways and pseudo-Spanish castles; miniature golf, mah jong, gin rummy, canasta, and the unbeatable bridge systems which somebody always beat; marathon dancing, flagpole sitting, and Texas Guinan; Baby Peggy, Betty Boop, and the Dead End Kids; Johnnie Ray, and Teresa Brewer. And this latest triumph of the strangled larynx.

BUT ALL OF THIS is to be expected. It is part of a vast industrial civilization like ours, a basic part, to be frantic to be amused, amused all the time, amused by something new; to be quickly disappointed in the familiar; to be easily taken in by any novelty and overwhelmed by anything really unfamiliar if it is on a large enough scale, if it is sufficiently ostentatious, pretentious, and empty.

These crazes, these fashions, these figures—whether out of New York or Hollywood or Chicago, on a strip of motion-picture film, a phonograph record, or a television screen—these are the entertainments demanded by a society that much of the time at least is distinguished only by its massiveness; and these are the entertainers, the court jesters, of a materialism just a little too materialistic, a country sated with prosperity, jaded in its appetites, and very quick, as a result, to welcome a Presley into its parlors, its bedrooms, and its sinks.

And still I say, this is to be expected, and not to be unduly lamented. Not in itself at least. For, as I have tried to suggest, it has been a long time since we have been without such a figure, such a fashion, such a craze.

WE CAN TAKE them, too—one at a time anyway, or maybe two or three. But it's not just Presley this time. Not even just Presley and Boone. Or Presley and Boone and Brewer. Or Presley, Boone, Brewer, and the vocal groups.

No, it's an assault. An assault on a dozen fronts or more at once. Now there are singers who can't sing but can holler and have found a ready audience for their roars, one at a time or two or three or more. Singers who can't even holler but can grind a belly, swivel a hipbone, imitate a rutish animal (without any of the natural grace of an animal). Singers who can't sing or holler or grind a belly, singers of whom nothing positive can be said at all except that they are younger than other singers and perhaps don't know any

Critic Critique

New York: Definition of a critic by pianist Bill Evans: "A man who makes money telling musicians how not to."

better. (But surely somebody else does?)

It's an attack from all sides on popular music of quality, on jazz, an inevitable attack, one which had to come as soon as it became apparent that jazz was back in favor once again. That popular music could have quality.

I SUPPOSE it will happen every time. Apparently it must. In the swing era, it was much like this with "killer-dillers," sleazy singers, blowzy tenors, screechy trumpets. Every hack outfit that cut a decibel over mezzo-fort called itself a "swing band" and the most pathetic sounds bleated in support of the most pitiful stripper were always billed as "the real thing—swing!"

In the modern jazz era, it is the juvenile delinquent with a leer, a roar, and a built-in runway manner who has leaped, crept, crawled, insinuated himself, one way or another managed to find a place for himself on the bandwagon.

What is particularly sad to witness in this debacle of taste and deluge of barbarians, is the replacement of men and women of quality, as standards collapse and it becomes harder and harder for the average ear to distinguish between the good and the bad, between the true and the false.

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND me. I'm not worried about out-and-out jazzmen, about trained musicians, the central figures of our music. There is not likely to be any serious confusion on anyone's part between, say, the Platten and the Dave Brubeck quartet. Duke Ellington and Lennie Tristano are still for the ages; their achievement will not be swept aside by bound dogs, dominoes, or blebbery-blubbey children in pig-tails.

But I am concerned about those miraculous singers whose substantial accomplishment in recent years was beginning, at last, to be recognized—the so-called gospel singers.

I have watched their time on the air dwindle, get smaller and smaller, move to less and less important times and stations, under the impact of hoot and holler, grunt and grind. I have seen their records become less and less important even to those who were their great champions.

FOR ALL WE know, we may have pushed them right back this time into the backwoods—for the last time. And that, I think, would be a tragedy for American music, nothing less.

No, it's not just Presley. It's a whole army of savages. And if we're not careful, we're going to lose a lot more than we ever have lost before under the pressure of these mass attacks.

I don't know what any of us can do about it. I don't imagine that writing your congressman would do much good—he's probably a Presley fan himself. I do know that if your taste is anything like mine, you'll be stacking up on gospel singers' records while the stacking's good.

filmland upbeat

By Hal Holly

FILMS IN REVIEW: *Rock, Pretty Baby* (John Saxon, Luana Patten, Sal Mineo) is Hollywood's top entry to date in the race to cash in on the rock 'n' roll craze. Oddly enough, though aimed at, and successfully zeroed in on, the drive-in set, it catches the emotional problems of juveniles in its relatively light way far better than many more pretentious attempts.

The story concerns, among others, the guitarist (Saxon—sound by **Barney Kessel**) in a high school combo whose doctor father is very strongly out of sympathy with the youngster's musical ambitions. The boy finds more understanding in his girl friend (Miss Patten), the daughter of a trumpet player. But their mutual interest in music turns into something stronger when he gets his first good look at her in a bathing suit.

Things get really tough for our boy when he accidentally smashes up a neighbor's car and his pop makes him hock his guitar to pay the damages. And things get tougher still when the girl friend decides their romantic urges are getting out of hand and that the time has come to cool them down.

Flimsy as all this sounds—and is—skillful performances by both the young and older members of the cast bring off *Rock, Pretty Baby* as better entertainment than anyone would expect. On the strength of his showing here, Saxon could well become the teenage rage of 1957. Mineo—drummer in the combo (sound by **Nick Fatool**)—draws star billing but is actually cast in a supporting role.

Despite the fact that a group of authentic jazz musicians was called in to record the rock 'n' roll combo sequences (in addition to Fatool and Kessel, they included, among others, **Red Norvo** and **Jimmy Rowles**), the music is just what the story called for—no more and no less. But the musicians did their best to deliver what they were being paid for, and only the more musically perceptive will detect a bit of tongue-in-cheek phrasing here and there.

ALSO RUNNING: *Don't Knock the Rock* (Bill Haley and His Comets, **Alan Dale**, **Alan Freed**, the **Treniers**, **Little Richard**, **Dave Appell**, and their combos). Strictly for the hamburger & coke crowd, but singer Dale, making his film debut, comes up as a smooth and promising actor.

Rock, Rock, Rock (Alan Freed—again!—the **Flamingos**, the **Moonglows**, the teenagers, **La Verne Baker**). This one is so bad, it may help to bring rock 'n' roll to an end.

Bundle of Joy (**Eddie Fisher**, **Debbie Reynolds**, **Adolphe Menjou**, **Tommy Noonan**). Fisher's career as a film actor gets off to an auspicious start in what exhibitors can boost, and not without reason, as a "bundle of entertainment"—for those who like this type of entertainment. Good songs, good comedy, good human interest.

The Girl Can't Help It (Tom Ewell, **Jayne Mansfield**, **Edmond O'Brien**, guest stars **Julie London** and **Ray Anthony**, plus spot appearances by **Fats Domino**, the **Platters**, **Little Richard**, and a half-dozen other rock 'n' rollers). A package composed of sex, comedy and r&r. Also—if you listen carefully—a little music, here and there.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: Dot Records has signed actor **Tab Hunter** . . . Actor **Eddie Albert** also moves into the vocal field by doing an unseen title-song stint for **Aldrich Productions'** **Anthony Quinn** starrer, *The Ride Back*. Song and underscore is by **Frank DeVol** . . . The struggle for title-song tie-ins by moviemakers leads to some strange ones. What can you do with a picture entitled *Death of a Scoundrel*? Why, you come up with words to a theme by underscore-composer **Max Steiner** and call it *Scoundrel Blues*. **Gloria Wood** has recorded it for **Zephyr**.

Si Waronker, long-time orchestra manager at 20th Century-Fox, has resigned to devote full time to his mushrooming record company, **Liberty** . . . And, incidentally, **Patience and Prudence**, those kids who, with **Julie London**, did so much to put **Liberty** in business in a big way, are the daughters of Republic Studio staff pianist **Mark McIntyre** . . . It's **Ann Blyth** for the title role in *The Helen Morgan Story* at **Warner Brothers**, and she expects to do her own singing . . . **Mel Shavelson** and **Jack Rose**, co-producers of the upcoming *Red Nichols Story* at **Paramount**, have started to round up former musical associates of **Nichols** for the picture. Among those contacted to date: **Benny Goodman**, **Jimmy Dorsey**, **Jack Teagarden**, **Gene Krupa**, **Eddie Condon**.

radio and tv

By Jack Mabley

THERE ARE SIGNS. Maybe the barriers are breaking down. In Chicago, CBS radio station is scheduling a weekly half-hour pickup from the **Blue Note**. Another station is putting in remotes from the **Aragon**, shades of **Wayne King**, and another from the **Chez Paree**. The **NBC-TV** station has started a weekly half-hour



in color featuring the performers at the **London House** and **Mister Kelly's**, and that means such as **Teddy Wilson**, **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral**, **Erroll Garner**, and for the opening show, **Jeri Southern** and **Marian McPartland** and group.

This magazine is national, and most of my jazz viewing and listening is local, as is everybody else's. I get reports from other cities, and one of the best I've heard yet is from **Los Angeles**. A program called *Stars of Jazz* on the **ABC-TV** station there is a success. Not just artistically. Financially and critically.

THE SHOW WAS A SUMMER FILLER and now is in its 25th week. **Budweiser** and **Marlboro** finance it. It has presented, or plans to present, **Billie Holiday**, **Dave Brubeck**, **Shelly Manne**, **Red Norvo**, **June Christy**, **Chico Hamilton**, **Kid Ory**, **Stan Getz**, **Jack Teagarden**, and others. Quite a varied list, and evidence of the show's intention of entertainingly telling the story of jazz as America's one original art form and telling it with taste and imagination.

The show has been nominated for a **Sylvania** award in the local educational category and is a network possibility. **Pete Robinson**, the station program director, sent this comment:

"The show is done by a crew which also works the **Lawrence Welk** show, and for the cameramen, it's a labor of love as an outlet for creative expression which is fairly inhibited on the **Welk** show."

"**THIS IS BECAUSE THE WELK SHOW** is a planned, rehearsed effort in which the cameramen function only as operators of the equipment under carefully premeditated direction, whereas on the jazz show, due to limited budget and lack of rehearsal time, the cameramen ad lib shots and so actually contribute creatively to the program."

I don't know in how many other cities this sort of thing is happening locally, but even this much in **L.A.** and **Chicago** is good.

One of the paradoxes of radio and television programming always has been that the persons who run the stations create programs far below their own tastes. It would be ingenious and daring for them to put on the air a program that they personally enjoyed.

The exceptions to this rule usually make news. You can make money with quality programs, but you can make more money easier with schlock shows. The station operator, more often than not, is under instructions to stay within the **FCC** regulations, keep it clean, get something worthwhile on the air sometime, but mostly, make money. And more than you made last year.

THIS OBVIOUSLY HAS BEEN an immense barrier in the way of a station operator who despises **Elvis Presley** probably more than you do but must choose between Presley with sponsors and jazz with prestige. He can listen to **Chet Baker** on his hi-fi set at home.

The station that will program jazz is one which at the very least is trying to get balance in its product. There is a large audience for jazz. There's a larger one for **Elvis**.

We on the consumer's end of broadcasting can hope for programs which fit our conception of entertainment and good taste and applaud them when we get them.

This discussion has been, of necessity, on a local level. When I write about jazz on television nationally, it usually is about the **Steve Allen** show, which I watch more or less faithfully for **Allen's** charm and the variety of his acts and for the frequent tidbits of jazz he manages to work in. He is a friend of jazz, but he can go just so far without losing his job.

The formula on these shows with **Allen** seem to be three minutes of "and then I wrote," followed by three minutes of a standard piece with gimmick. **Dancers**, **Allen** playing black keys, et cet. As we said up at the top of this column, it isn't much, but it's a start.

band routes

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; t—theater; cc—country club; rh—roadhouse; pc—private club; NYC—New York City; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glaser), 745 Fifth Ave., NYC; AP—Allsbrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; AT—Abe Turner, 309 W. 57th St., NYC; GAC—General Artists Corp., RKO Bldg., NYC; JKA—Jack Kurtz Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; McC—McConkey Artists, 1780 Broadway, NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America, 595 Madison Ave., NYC; GG—Gale-Gale Agency, 48 W. 48th St., NYC; OI—Orchestras, Inc., c/o Bill Black, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.; RMA—Reg. Marshall Agency, 4671 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 2 Park Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC; NOS—National Orchestra Service, 1611 City National Bank Building, Omaha, Neb.

Albert, Abbey (Statler) Washington, D. C., h
Bair, Buddy (Officers' Club) Eglin Air Force Base, Fla., out 1/21, pc; (Officers' Club) Fort Benning, Ga., 1/23-30, pc
Barnet, Charlie (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Barron, Blue (On Tour—Midwest) MCA
Basile, Count (Birdland) 2/7-13, NYC, nc
Belloe, Dan (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Beneke, Tex (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Blade, Jimmy (Drake) Chicago, h
Borr, Mischa (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Brandwynne, Nat (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Brown, Les (On Tour—Midwest) ABC
Butterfield, Billy (On Tour—East) MCA
Cabot, Chuck (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Cugat, Xavier (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., out 2/18, h
Donahue, Al (Statler) Boston, Mass., h
Dukoff, Bobby (Colonade) Miami Beach, Fla., h
Eberle, Ray (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Elgart, Les (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Ennis, Skinnay (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Fields, Shep (On Tour—Texas) GAC
Fisk, Charlie (Palmer House) Chicago, h
Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour—East) GAC
Foster, Chuck (Martini) Chicago, r
Garber, Jan (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La., h
Grady, Eddie (On Tour—East) GAC
Herman, Lenny (Warwick) Philadelphia, Pa., out 2/16, h
Herman, Woody (Red Hill Inn) Camden, N. J., out 2/3, nc
Holmes, Alan (Boca Raton) Boca Raton, Fla., nc
Howard, Eddy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Johnson, Buddy (Apollo) 1/1-8, NYC, t
Kenton, Stan (On Tour—Far West) GAC
Kisley, Steve (Statler) Washington, D. C., h
LaSalle, Dick (Backstage) Phoenix, Ariz., nc
Lombardo, Guy (Roosevelt) NYC, h
Long, Johnny (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Mallick, Jack (Statler) Boston, Mass., h
Maltby, Richard (On Tour—Midwest) ABC
Marterie, Ralph (On Tour—South) GAC
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h
May, Billy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) GAC
McGrane, Don (Radisson) Minneapolis, Minn., h
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour—East) GAC
McKinley, Ray (Statler) NYC, h
Monte, Mark (Plaza) NYC, h
Mooney, Art (On Tour—East) GAC
Morgan, Russ (Shoreham) Washington, D. C., out 2/11, h
Morrow, Buddy (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Munro, Hal (Milford) Chicago, b
Neighbors, Paul (Shamrock) Houston, Texas, h
Pastor, Tony (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Pepper, Leo (On Tour—Texas Territory) GAC
Price, Freddy (St. Rocco's Youth Center) NYC, b
Ranch, Harry (Golden Nugget) Las Vegas, Nev., nc
Rank, George (Melody Mill) North Riverside, Ill., b
Racburn, Boyd (On Tour—East) GAC
Reichman, Joe (Americana) Miami Beach, Fla., out 2/19, h
Rudy, Ernie (On Tour—South) GAC
Sedlar, Jimmy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Sonn, Larry (On Tour—East) GAC
Spiyak, Charlie (Saxony) Miami Beach, Fla., out 3/18, h
Straeter, Ted (Plaza) NYC, h
Sudy, Joseph (Pierre) NYC, h
Thornhill, Claude (On Tour—South) WA

combos

Armstrong, Louis (On Tour—East) ABC
Austin, Sil (Chatterbox) Cleveland, Ohio, out 2/3, nc; (Rock 'N' Roll) Pittsburgh, Pa., 2/4-10, nc
Bel-Aires (Doll House) North Hollywood, Calif., cl
Bell, Freddie (Dixie Pig) Cottage City, Md., 2/5-18, nc
Brubeck, Dave (Black Hawk) San Francisco, Calif., nc

Carroll, Barbara (London House) Chicago, out 3/8, nc
Chuz, Alfred (Colonial Tavern) Toronto, Canada, 2/4-9, nc
Corlett, Johnny (Kansas City Club) Kansas City, Mo., c
Dixieland All-Stars (Red Arrow) Berwyn, Ill., nc
Donegan, Dorothy (Embers) NYC, out 3/31, nc
Four Tunes (Golden) Reno, Nev., out 2/14, h
Gardner, Lynn (Antlers) Colorado Springs, Colo., out 2/9, h
Hawkins, Erskine (Lyric Band) Hanover, Pa., 2/4-12, nc
Hodes, Art (Theatrical Grill) Cleveland, Ohio, 2/4-17, nc
Hunt, Pee Wee (Tropics) Dayton, Ohio, 2/4-17, b
Jordan, Louis (On Tour—South) GAC
Krupa, Gene (Porky's Hideaway) Fort Lauderdale, Fla., 1/1-14, nc
Kuhn, Rolf (Cafe Bohemia) NYC, 2/8-3/7, nc
Lane, Dick (Colonial Tavern) Toronto, Canada, 2/11-24, nc
McLaurer, Sarah (Northwest Club) Philadelphia, Pa., 2/18-24, nc
Moran, Pat (Crest) Detroit, Mich., 3/4-3/3, cl
Newborn, Phineas (Ridgecrest) Rochester, N. Y., 2/6-10, r
Nu-Tones (Riviera) Las Vegas, Nev., out 2/5, h
Sabres (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., in 2/5, h
Shearing, George (On Tour—South) ABC
Taylor, Billy (London House) Chicago, 2/6-3/5, nc
Three Sparks (Topper) Los Angeles, Calif., nc
Tyrone (Preview) Chicago, out 2/12, cl
White, Pres (Ponce De Leon) Hornell, N. Y., r
Williams, Billy (New Frontier) Las Vegas, Nev., out 2/3, h
Williams, Roger (Eddie's) Kansas City, Mo., 2/8-21, nc

Jazz Home Sought For W. German Youth

Berlin—Jazz has been named an integral part of an ambitious program to curb juvenile delinquency in West Germany.

Wolfgang Jaenicke, Berlin representative for Swedish Metronome Records and head of the city's New Jazz Circle, said he hopes funds will be available to create a jazz home for juveniles in Berlin. Jaenicke noted that Berlin's juveniles like jazz but are unable to find it in any reasonably wholesome settings.

The jazz home would be a gathering spot for youngsters and a showcase for live jazz and lectures on jazz. West Berlin's senator for youth and sports, Mrs. Juliane Kay, was reported enthusiastic over Jaenicke's idea. The project hinges on the availability of funds to finance the home.

Frances Wayne Solo Act

New York—Frances Wayne is preparing a solo act for the jazz and supper club circuit with book by her husband, Neal Hefti. Frances is freelancing on records and plans to cut LPs for ABC-Paramount, Coral, and Mercury. Hefti intends to remain in the New York area, arranging and conducting for several labels.

Songwriters Guide

The Problems

(Jumped from Page 15)

along with the harmonies indicated and the lyrics below the melody, placed on a manuscript paper. If you are unable to do this, some musical friend or local musician may do it for you either at no cost or for a small fee. You may photostat the original copy for very little money.

Submit a copy to as many reputable publishers as you wish.

If it is rejected, don't be satisfied with your first efforts. Try again and again, attempting constantly to improve.

The road to success is quite as rugged in the field of songwriting as in all others. Paying out your own money will not smooth the path.

A radio station will only broadcast music which it has the right to program. Under the copyright laws of this government, permission to perform music publicly for profit must be secured from the copyright owner.

Where the copyright owner is unknown the station has no guarantee that the song is free from plagiarism no matter how honest and sincere the writers. All stations subscribe to certain performing rights societies to which all major publishers belong and through whom music is "cleared" for public performance.

These performing rights societies agree to protect the stations using the music they control and to indemnify the stations for any loss arising from a suit for infringements.

If a station desires to use manuscripts or music other than indicated above, as many times happens, it is because it has determined for itself the right to such use. And finally:

Neither the unknown writer's music or that of anybody else will ever be broadcast or sung publicly unless somebody wants to do it. Artists, music directors, and other users of music have very definite ideas what types and what particular songs they will use and what their audiences will best enjoy. Whether they are correct in their choice of selections is beside the point—the final decision is and must be theirs.

Songwriters Guide

The Craft

(Jumped from Page 16)

wants to keep you out, but because so few people really have what it takes. If, after this type of X-ray self-examination, your decision is that you've got it, then give it everything you've got and . . .

Remember that today's songwriting has become a business. It takes no more kindly to dabblers and hobbyists than would the dry goods business. Songwriting is a business for pros.

If you've established the fact that you've got the gift, then be determined that you'll be a pro, take the risks, live dangerously, and be a candidate for either heartbreaking failure or correspondingly enormously rich rewards.

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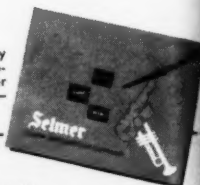
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